¶THE HI-

ſtorie of Ariodan-

to and Ieneura, daughter to the
King of Scottes, in
Engliſh verſe, by Pe-
ter Beuerley.

(.·.)

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To the VVorshipfull M. Peter Reade, Peter Beuerley, vvisheth perfect felicitie.

IF I had thought (right Worshipful) that Slaunders tongue could greter haue enuied this my rude Booke, then the show of my good will hereby vnto you, shoulde ease my desirous mynde, I would then haue stayed this bould enterprise, which with hasarde of good report I haue attempted. But such is the affection of a well meaning harte, that sooner it offers it self to the spightfull blotte of scornefull defame, then desire should want eyther by signe or deede, to requite receiued benefittes. The tossed barke, seld findes the desired porte, without the stormes of the aire, the surges of the sea, and the force of the enemie: and it is as harde for the idell marchant to encrease his stocke, as it is for the cowarde knight to gaine lastinge memorie: So harde it is for me (whose abilitie is as well knowen to your worship, as to my selfe) without the

poysoned hate of the stinking tongue, the malicious scornes of the enuious head, and the dispightfull scoffes of the shamelesse countenance, to aduertise you of my desirous mind, ready at all times to pleasure you. The infection of whose filthie iawes, I haue rather chosen by happie aduenture to escape, then by lurking silence, still to remaine an vnknowen wellwiller. This onely resteth, and this is it which seekes to staye my hastie hande: The simplenes of the gifte, whiche if you regard not, but thinke well of the willing giuer, I liue happie, nought fearing the force of scornes blast. Thus wishinge to your worshippe happie health, wealth to the best contentation of your harte, lasting life, and to me (yours) abilitie once to answer your great curtesie. I end. From my chamber at Staple Inne. the first day of August.

Your VVorshippe as his
owne Pe. Beuerley.

To the Reader.

TO thy frendly acceptance, (gẽtle Reader) moze bold ly then aduiſedly, I haue offred here ẏ vnripe fruits of my barren ozchard, the bitter taſte wherof, is moze liker to an noy thy ſugred lippes, then pleaſe thy longing minde. But ſee as by diligent ſearche, the labouring Bee fyndes the wholſome honie amydſt the infective hearbe: So maieſt thou (if thou liſt in differently to reade, and carefullye to marke) happe the ſage aduiſe of good counſell, and learne by others miſchiefs to ſhunne thine owne decay. Thou knowest within the harde ſhell ſhrowdeth the ſweet curnell, and amongſt pricking thornes the fragrant Roſe is ſoſtred, within the hard flint (they ſay) the pre cious Diamound is found, & amongſt the vnperfectnes of my rude vers, the force of treaſon is ſhowed and his iuſte deſert. If thou canſt by falſhood learne

to shunne discreite, I haue my wish, and thou happy. If iuste reuenge for toule oarence can admonish thee to serue God, obey thy Prince, no doubt, but thou shalt liue an honest like, and die thrise blessed.

Through twoo fieldes thy waye is directed, the one full of briars, hath the perfect path to felicitie: the other (more pleasant to the vicious minde) leades to endles miserie: chose with aduise, and shunne with discretion. And to me thy vnknowen friend, lende (I prays thee, as friendly iudgement, as I shall wyshe for thy prospe-
rous estate.

Farewell.

AMongſt the vanquiſht Regions,
that worthy bryte did winne:
There is a ſoyle in theſe our dayes,
with Deccan Seas cloaſde in.
That fertile is, and peopled well,
and ſtord with pleaſant fields:
And hath for tillage lucky land,
that yærly prouit yældes.
Within ỹ land ſometime ther dwelt
a King of noble fame:
whoſe actes wer ſuch as gaind to him
an euerlaſting name.
Who, when he Cepter long had held
and ruled his realme with right:
In quiet reſt, in ſpight of foe,
and forze of friendes might.
Did take to wife a noble Dame,
of egall Parentage:
Of bewty great, of vertues mare,
and of a youthfull age.
By whom he had a Daughter fayre,
that ioyed his aged yeares:
And pleſure great at length did bring
vnto his hoary heares.
This child as time gan paſſe frō her,
ſo bewty doth increaſe:
And as in yæres ſhe gan to grow
ſo vertues to her preaſe.
Of ſhape and fæmly fauour, ſhe
lacht nought that nature could
In goodlieſt wiſe beſtow of her.
or frame in fayreſt mould.

To this such giftes of heauenly hew,
full fraught with courtly grace:
And modeſt mirth, eke gentle mynd
preſaging royall race.
That who exceis Jeneuora.
(for ſo this Lady hight:)
Or who more bewtifull then ſhe,
or pleaſde more eche ſight.
For proufe behould how ſwift report
doth braue in forren land:
This Princes name, her ſhape & hew
of eche eſtate is ſtand.
The Kings that ioyne vnto her lyne,
do ſeke her grace to winne:
The Ladies eke that vertues loue,
to ſerue her grace beginne.
But ſee farre of in Italie
this Ladies name is blowne:
And ther her gifts of natures art,
to all are liuely knowne.
Where at that time two gentlemen
of honeſt family:
Italians both by birth and bloud
and brothers there did lie.
The eldeſt named Lurcanio,
that ſpeare and ſheld deſird:
The other eke Ariodant,
that more to loue aſpierd.
Theſe two y long had lined at home,
and lothd with Idle life:
And moued eke with this report,
that euery where is rife.

Are

Are now agréd to leaue this eaſe,
  theyr frendes and natiue ſoyle:
And minde to ſeke aduentures farre
  with wery trauels toyle.
And therfore firſt their land they ſel,
  for preſent paiment tould:
And other goods they do conuert,
  (for cariage light) to gould.
This don, their buſines eke diſpatcht
  and heuy parting paſt:
From wailing friends that wo their
  they leaue the towne at laſt. (wil,
And paſſe ỳ mountains hie vnknown
  and ſeke the deſert dales:
And ſcape by guyde the raggy rocks
  and tread the trodden vales.
Thus when theyr werie ſteps had ſcapte,
  a thouſand daungers paſt:
And that they nedes muſt leaue the land,
  and yeld to ſayle and maſt.
To Neptunus wil they do commit
  them ſelues, and then do pray:
The maiſter for to guide his ſhippe,
  to Scottiſh Realme the way.
So ſaid, he keepes his bidden courſe,
  and hath a gale at will:
The mariner at eaſe alſo,
  his part doth well fulfill.
So long theſe werie trauelers,
  are toſt with ſea and winde:
That now the long deſired port,
  and wyſhed ſoyle they finde.

Then nought there is but hale and pull,
the Ancars are out cast:
The maister hath his earned hyre,
and prayes their life longe last.
This done, the brothers aske the way
that leadeth to the Court:
Whereas the noble king of Scottes,
doth keepe his Royall port.
Which known, with spæde they sæke to sæ,
and in their trauell, they
deuise their tale, their whole request
and chieflye, how they may
Get intertainment in the Court,
and how Lurcanio:
Should spokeman be for both, but sæ
whilst talking thus they go,
The wauering vanes of glemming golde,
that Phebus caused to shine:
Appere, and reard vp walles on hie,
that fed their gredy eyen.
They sæ the carued turrets tops,
they sæ the regall place:
The sight wherof had forst them run
a wery wandring race.
Thus are these straungers happely,
arriued at the Court,
Wheras this pærles Dame abides,
of whome ringes this report.
There walke they forth with comly grace
and enter in the hall,
Where after greating, they declare,
what chaunce had them befall.

To sæke

To seeke that lande: their names they tel,
and eke of whence they are:
This tould, one shewes vnto the king
of two ariues theare.
And word for word, as he had hard
he tells, and eke there state
And comlines he hideth not:
Besides he doth dilate.
Their friendly gretings, and their talke
this sayde, he kneling staies.
The king that pawsing with him selfe,
and waying diuers wayes,
What harme mought lightly him ensue,
if such he should retaine,
As vnder cloke of frendship, mought
put him and his to payne:
I meane as mought spye out the strength
of all his region:
And eke what corner weakest weare,
and easiest to be wonne.
And so when he in age should thinke,
to leade a surest lyfe:
They should him force through their deceit,
to ende his daies in strife.
These thoughts, this wise and warie prince,
doth ponder in his braine
Long tyme, and in these doughtfull fitts,
he silent doth remaine.
Yet minds he not to let them part,
till what they would were knowen:
And till the cause of their ariue,
were plainely to him showen.

Where-

Wherfore he doth bid call to him,
these straungers two in haste:
That banisht haue their natiue soile,
in his court to be plast.
Which message done, these brothers two,
as men nothing dismaied:
To speake before the Emperour,
whom earst they had obeied.
Present themselues before the king,
wher after silence done:
Lurcanio in their two names,
thus hath his tale begonne.
That king, that first gaue life to you,
increase your happie daies:
(Oh king) and kepe your noble court,
from force of foes alwayes.
Whilest we Italian brothers two,
in Italy dyd dwell:
And whilste with ease we past the time,
as chaunce and times befel.
Behould report that wantring flies,
in euery region:
Resound your name and worthines,
at last vnto the towne
Wher we abode consuming time
in grosse idelnes:
And spending aye our youthful yeres
in trksum quietnes.
These childish toies thus lothd (I say)
these newes agreing eke
with vs, that thought ech day a mōth
till we the bands mought breke.

Of this

Of this long discontented lyfe,
we do forthwith agrée
All needfull things at home dispatcht,
this court of yours to sée
And there if we mought fauor get,
and grace likewise obtaine:
To serue your highnes faithfully,
and loyall to remaine:
Til death we minde. This sort hath (bs
(O king) to leaue our port:
Our frēds, our goods, our kinsmen al
to whom we were comfort.
In hope to be retaind of you,
which is our whole request:
Wherin we trust for to persome,
that sémes a courtier best.
The king that wel had markt his tale
his countnaunce and his grace:
And saw him featured well of lims
and of a warlike face.
And praysing long within him selfe,
the yongest brothers there:
That sober was preseaging truth,
forthwith doth banish feare.
And biddes these wery trauelers,
welcome vnto the place
Desired long. And intertaines,
them both with friendly grace.
Into his court, commaunding them,
all falshod to erpell:
And geues them pencions yerely,
wherwith they may liue well.

Thus are theſe glad Italians,
new courtiers both become:
That ſeeke eche way to purchaſe loue
as well of all as ſome.
The king that for diſport doth vſe,
oft times for to purſue:
The dreadfull raſe of griſlie beaſtes,
ſo Idle lyfe t'eſchue:
Commaundes the hunt prepared be,
the morow next by prime:
And that eche one appareld be,
in armes againſt that tyme,
To waite vpon his highnes then
that will on hunting go:
And eke with him the ſtrangers twoe
he doth commaund alſo.
The night is paſt, and Hopor flies,
and in his ſtæde Auroze
Doth ſhew hir gladſome countenãce
and for to ioy the moze
Eche light, ſir Phebus golden raies,
from eaſt beginnes appeare,
then nought ther is within the court,
but trudzing here and there.
Sum ſaddels fit, ſum armour ſcoure
ſum bridell foming ſtæde:
And ſum do wheat the ſtæled glaiue
to giue the Beare his mæde.
Sum trapers trim, ſum couple dogs
ſum weare in ſtæde of ſtæle,
A maled coate, with armed ſwozd,
to make his enmies reele.

The

The pages trimme theyr lords in haste,
the hunt cries lowde away:
The steedes are forth, that stamping fast,
on champing bit do play.
The werbling note the hunter blowes,
the king on courser strydes:
The lusty rought of knights make hast,
that prikking forward glydes.
The hunt is vp, the game is founde,
eche seekes a diuers waye:
The noble rought of Chevalrie,
disperſed now do stray.
Some here do meete the tusked boare
some findes the Lyberd stout:
Some do encounter with the Beare
some rouse of Harts a route.
Thus dog and man is occupied,
him selfe for to defend:
And for to gaine a lasting name,
do stutdie strokes forthsend.
The king in case hath lost his mates,
and in his wandring, hee
Findes, out a lothsome Lion couche
that monstrous was to see.
wherto he makes a thundring course
with speare well set in rest:
the Lyon rampant meetes the staffe,
that it to sheuers brest.
Then glaiue he drawes like noble knight,
and strikes with courage stout:
And prickes, and breathes and strikes again,
as one deuoide of doubte.

But

he

But all in vayne those strokes are spent
his traunchefer, nought doth carue,
But either slydes from side to side,
or in his hand doth swarue.
Wher at, he halfe agast doth feare,
least he were put to shame:
And least his former worthines,
should ende with banquisht name.
Wherfore he mightely defends
him selfe from Lions clawes,
That raseth all attayned to
with those his perling pawes.
yet warely warding sith he could
nothing preuaile in strength,
But ward, & stroke, are bootles spent
when down he must at length.
Thus as the Lion had the best,
and almost won the fielde:
Aduenture drone Lurcanio
with speare in hand and sheilde
To seeke that place, but when he saw
his soueraigne at the worst,
No boote to byd him spurre his steede
and to the battell thrust.
For first he knightly brake his speare
and after drawes his blade,
wherwith within a moments space,
a large wound he had made,
Upon the Lions shoulder bone,
that caused him for to knele:
And then his head he carued of,
and so made him to reele:

The king deliuered thus from death,
by stout Lurcanio,
With thousand thankes imbrased him
in both his armes also.
Tyll that his menne had found him out,
to whom he hideth nought:
But how he nigh confounded was,
and how the straunger fought.
In his defence so valiantlie,
and with so mightie force,
That after many mortall woundes,
he parted head from corse.
Now is report new occupied,
in blasing martiall feates:
Wherwith the court so pressed is,
that vp to Skies it beates.
And flies to towne both farre and neare:
and nowe ascendes againe,
And putteth fame to werie toyle,
and to an endles payne.
But to returne, the king is horst,
that doth for werines:
Leaue of the chase, then homeward all
theyr diuers happes expresse.
Thus talking, are these hunters come
vnto the Pallas gates,
Where eche disarmes his werie bones,
and welcomes home his mates.
There nought is talkt within the Court,
but of the straungers might
And how he noblie saude their liege,
and kild his foe in fight.

The Ladies dew extoll this act,
vp to the cloudie skies:
The knightes by heapes of his great strokes
dew diuerſly deuise.
The night renewes his carefull course,
Titanis lodgd in west,
All seeke their soft and quiet bed
& their wery bones to rest.
Ariodant (that longs to see
this long desired Dame)
Is also coucht in tumbling bed,
where he recordes her name.
A thousand times, & thus consumes
halfe Junos wanny race:
And if he slepe, he dreams strait ways
of that most heauenly face.
The Cock crowes forth his dawning note:
the day starres shewes in east,
The Nightingale the gladsem tunes
sings out with cheerfull brest.
The courtiers rise that vse dispoztes,
as pleaseth best their will,
Some Hawks reclayme, some Coursers ride
and some do daunce their fill.
Some ioye in reading Hiſtozies,
and some in Musikes art,
Thus time is spent in comly spozts,
as pleaseth best their hart.
Now is the King at dinner set,
there wayteth Ariodant,
That is the seemliest of them all,
and one that nought doth want.

Of

Of natures craft, by whom the King
doth send a couerd mease:
To Princes faire Ieneuora,
that is his lifes increase.
This message doth Ariodant,
performe in seemliest wies:
Who knæling doth the cates present
before her cristall eyes.
The Lady thanks the messenger,
and giues him in reward:
A costly gem, which he receiues,
but nought he doth regard.
The gift so much, as that her looke,
which is so fixt in hart:
That from that time he holds it fast,
till lyfe from lims doo part.
And she againe (that marked hath
so well his comly face:
His shape, his vew, his countnance graue,
and eke his semely grace.)
Sayes in her hart this same is he
whom I in brest will shrine;
Till sisters thræ with fatall rœle
my vitall webbe vntwine.
Thus Venus child hath tainted two
with his sharpe persing dart:
And yet vnknowen to both it is,
how eche ioyes others hart.
Ariodant that clokes (I say)
this hote new kindled fire:
(His dutie done) departs agayne,
with gayne of double hire.

And makes his wayting very short,
and shunnes the tast of meate,
And to his chamber hies in hast,
to coole his scorching heate:
Ther doth he oft record her talke,
he sees her similing cheare,
He sees those colours angellyke,
he sees her glistring heare.
He viewes (he thinkes) those Rubie libbes
that thankt him for his payne,
He feeles (he thinkes) those azurd vaynes
that gaue him that great gayne:
But when he sees he is deceiud,
a thousand sighes departe,
With flouds of teares, and deadly sobbes
out from his carefull hart.
And thus begins a long discours
of this new tasted fit,
Which as I can I shall declare,
thou Pallas guide my wit.
From whence proceedes this pinching payne,
and griefes of deadly smart?
Or ele what act hath chaunged thus
(oh foole) thy ioyfull hart,
That thus thou lothst those pleasant sports,
that here in Court are vsd,
And seekst a drousie caban couch
thy wonted myrth refuse?
Tell what hath made this soden chaunge,
bewray these griefes of minde,
The pacient, when the wound is greene?
a salue doth soonest finde.

A salue

A ſalue Alas it is boteles wynd,
It's death that muſt me cure:
My wound doth feſtred lye in hart,
and will till life endure.
(Oh fole) that ſo wert fed with fame,
ſuch toyle to vndertake
For her, that nought doth rue thy care,
ne ſorowes none will make.
For thee, and yet ſhee is the cauſe,
that thus thou doeſt ſuſteine,
Theſe griping griefes of griſly death
which will foraye remayne.
O cruell happe and deſtenie,
oh wight vnfortunate,
O catiue vile, vnhappe thriſe,
and borne to cruell fate.
What ioy did take thy idell brayne,
when thou didſt ſee her face,
Thus to be trapt with hrapes of griefs
in ſo ſhort time and ſpace.
Oh Cokadrill of Venus ſhape
why haſt thou thus beguild?
The wyght, that for thy fame him ſelfe
from nature ſoile eryld.
But how is that knowen vnto her
whom blameles I accuſe?
Or why ſhould I vnciuill deall
that worthie ſhape abuſe?
Whoſe outward ſhewe preſageth truth,
and ſtore of courteſie,
As lately by her great reward
was ſhowd ſufficiently.

No, no, it is he that workes my woe,
who forceth Kinges to loue,
That blindly shotes his perced dart
from stately throne aboue.
That Cupide stroke misseles ghost
full well I know, when I
Behold that goodly countenaunce,
with two fast persing eye.
Wherfore his dome I must obey,
though loue venegall be:
And though I spend my youthfull dayes
in this vile misery.
Thus dolefull tale, thus tould, the teares
procede from swelling eyes:
By streames, and now the greuous grons
increase his wofull cries.
Now hope reuiues his dying limmes,
dispayre now driues in death:
And now doth feare make sences faile,
and stoppe his vitall breath.
Thus long he spends a lingring lyfe,
and craues a happy day:
Or els he wils by greedy graue,
his last fate for to pray.
But to speake of Ieneura,
and to recount her fittes:
And how in closet she doth fare,
as one bereued of wittes:
My pen shuld rather meisture want
to write that I intend:
Then store of cares for to dilate,
that would whole volumes spend.

For

For after she had knowen his name,
and how an aliant borne
He was, her hart began to cole,
as one welny forlorne.
And thus with faultring tounge she sayd,
why seekest thou lenger life:
That by this act deseruest death,
with point of bloudy knife.
Oh catiue vyle, and vylest wretch,
that liueth vnder skyes:
And may not race of Royall bloud,
thy foolish mynd suffice?
For noble lyne of Scottish soyle
wher thou mayst chuse a feare:
Thy childish will at full content,
but thou must hold him deare.
That hath through theft exild him selfe
or els by murdring hand:
Estrango him from his earthly kin,
and now seeks forren lande?
Wilt thou allotted be of him,
that like a wandring slaue:
Is come vnto thy fathers court,
some liuelihood to haue?
What, seekst thou to shame thy selfe,
and to abuse thy kinne?
And mynost thou thus to purchase hate,
in hope a slaue to winne.
A slaue. Oh spitefull sting of hate,
for Ladies farre vnfitte:
Why doo I thus with poysned words,
misuse my praysd wit.

Why should I terme him felon eke
that is so gracious:
Or els of murder him accuse
that is so curteous?
Why do I liue to call him slaue
that is the comliest wight,
That euer scapte from natures handes
or euer past my sight?
And if that lackt, his brothers léeue
would shew his race right well,
Whose worthie rescue of the King
doth make his name excell.
Therfore as I am Princesse true,
I vow Ariodant.
By him that Skies and Earth did frame
and trees and herbes did plant,
Til life doth leane my careful corpse
to loue thée faithfullie,
As euer Lady loued her fére,
in spite of vyle aduersitie.
She sayd, and down to ground she falles
in sound, and drawes no breath
Long time, as one that had resind
her life to wished death.
And when she doth reuiue againe,
the stilling teares depart
Like siluer droppes from drowned eyes,
and gastlie sighes from hart.
Thus leaues she Ladies companie,
and shunnes eche kind of spoyt,
In stéed wherof, to desert walkes,
shée dayly doth resoyt.

Where

Where sundrie thoughts opresse her mind:
now feare for to obtayne
Like loue of him, for whom she doth,
these passions hard susteine:
And now the Kings consent she feares,
whose hest she must obey,
And eke whose mynd is chiefly bent
tencrease her state eche way.
These arguments full fraught with doubt
are rife within hir brayne,
And if she finde one pleasant thought
a thousand griefes remayne.
Like fittes doo saint Ariodant,
that wandring here and there:
Can finde no plare to ease his paine,
nor damp his doughts of feare.
Wherfore his blond consumes away,
his fleshe to boanes doo fade,
His colour whan as clod of clay
most like a senslesse shade.
The youthfull sutes which earst he ware
vnworne doo lye in chest,
And now the black and tawny hew
doth please this heauy gest.
In fine, these fittes so much annoye
his wery irksum life:
That now he sœkes vnhappie man,
to fall on persing knife.
Lurcanio, that marks this change,
and sœs with woo this state:
And feares least that he mought bewayle
his brothers griefe to late.

Spies out at length both tyme, and place,
for to discharge his mynde
To him, and listing care required,
spends thus his boteles winde.
HOw long shall these consuming fittes
increase thy brothers griefe:
From whom (unkind) thou hidst thy cares,
that seekes for thy relieue.
What meanes (I say) these pyning paines,
whence springs these fludes of care:
What feuer fit hath forced thee,
thus ruthfully to fare?
Why speakest thou not? why stayes thy toũg
disclose thy long disease.
And wylt thou thus with shortning dayes
the heauenly ghostes displease?
If sickenes do oppresse thy corps,
then physicks counsel vse,
If fond conceytes of matters past,
do force thee for to muse,
And shun the toyes that here be vsed,
then seeke swete musikes art,
Which wel (they say) all heauy dumps,
to toyfull fittes conuart.
Perhaps the ayre of this land,
thy nature doth detest:
And makes thee thus to feele disease,
and taste vnquiet rest.
If that it be, no feare of death,
tyme wyll weare that away,
As earst it did, when in the Seas
this part we learnd to play.

But

But what doth meane this mourning weede
and lothsome tawnie hew,
As though thou hadst thy freedom lost,
to serue fond Venus crewe.
If so thou hast, aduise thee well,
so choyse be egall plaste,
Beware in tyme, shunne froward dame,
least wind, and woords be west.
By proufe I say (my brother) I,
this lesson short is trewe.
The Faulkner seld is suer of hauke,
till she be close in mewe.
Therfore let wittes be guid to deedes,
thou warnd mayst learn to lyue,
Shun thraldoms yocke thy brother biddes,
that doth this councell giue.
Ariodant that hard this speache,
but reason nought esteemed,
With strayned voice thus answer made,
as one with care consumd,
(As you haue sayd my brother deare)
a lothsome lyfe I leade,
But whence, or wher, or how it comes
tis hid from me in deede.
No quaintaine fit hath freated me,
ne fury fond of mynd,
Ne change of skyes, but gods aboue,
this plage haue iust assingd.
For my fore passed dayes in sinne,
wherfore let this content,
Thy doutfull head, sith iust it is
which Ioue himselfe hath sent,

Think

Think you these toyes of veneirs
Should lodge within my braine:
Or Ladies loue in hope to win,
should make me thus sustaine
Those scorching griefes, and pyning paines.
and stormes of deadly smarte
No, no, those fittes most ferdest be
from my vnfaithfull heart.
Wherfore, in hope, I thus conclude,
as sinne no smart deserue,
So Ioue that high and mightie God,
from pitie will not swerue.
This answere made, Lurcanio
departs with pleased mind,
Now desyring least but word for word
as he has hard to find.
Ariodant (that nought was moued
to leaue his wanted woes.
For brothers words to whom his loue
he hates for to disclose)
Doth still consume a wery lyfe,
with endles griping payne.
And daily feare augments his dole
least loue be voyd in vayne.
Besides thinks he, if she should yelde
like loue to my desert:
And then by loue vnegall we
should forced be to part:
These eyes should neuer see againe
the rayes of Titans lyght,
But poyson strong, or bathed blade,
my desprat death should dight.

But

But yet if she would rue my care,
I forst not Princely might:
For rather then the loue should slacke,
we sure would make a flight.
And better it is in my conceit,
to liue in pouertie
With ioye, then in these cancred cares,
to tast flouddes of prosperitie.
For ioye bryngs health to aged limmes,
when cares consume the corse,
And ioy doth make long lyfe to men,
when couples care deuorse.
What profits wolth to lyue in woe,
what gyines possessions great,
When heart is vert continually
with cares of firie heat?
The best and happie state I count
in this vnstable lyfe:
Is pleasure plast with quietnes.
deuoyde of stormes of stryfe.
Should we then let in hope to finde
this wished iolitie:
To leaue a Princes Pallas fraught
with this vyle miserie.
And ist not better toyle for pence
with willyng sweat of browe,
And laboryng hand to dyg and delue.
or els to dryue the plowe:
And then when labour finisht is
to sit by tosting syre:
And sing, and whystle mirely,
with gaine of earned hyre?

Then

Then here in court to goe as braue,
as rayes of glistryng Sunne:
And haue a hart that dayly sekes,
his vital breath to shunne?
Besides what shame can turn to vs,
to liue in soyle not known:
For banisht wights, but laboring soules,
to toyle to keepe our owne.
O that these words mought once procede
from those thy rubie lippes:
Whose countnance, shape, and comlines,
hath forst me feele these fittes.
For at the least till thou shalt take
some pitie of my care:
These griefs, & pangs of wished death
my ghost wil neuer spare.
Thus makes his faltring tongue an end,
and he on tumblyng bed
Doth cast his weake and wery lyms,
whet now from troubled head
Doth passe, a soft & slumbring sleape,
and now in dreame appeare,
Two ladies clad with robes of gould
that purpure haue do weare:
Vpon their heads two crowns they had,
well set with precious stone,
And in their hand Jeneuora,
that semd to make great mone.
Thus past they forth with stately steps,
and now approch the place
Where he doth lye, and thus begins
the one with seemly grace.

Behould

BEhould thine owne, (Ariodant,)
whome cares of loue do kill,
Whose lyfe and death thou skilleſſe houldſt,
to ſaue or els to ſpill.
At length let pitie placed be,
within thy friendly breſt,
That ſhe may gaine, ſ thou not loſe,
the fruits of wiſhed reſt.
(Quod ſhe), and than the other ſayd,
How long ſhall freating payne
Conſume her Roſiat colour that
all earthly ſhapes doth ſtaine.
See here vnkynd, whilſt thou doſt ſleape,
and take thy quiet eaſe,
Ieneura doth feele for thee
the fittes of vile diſeaſe.
Wherfore diſpatch, call ſleape away
bring health to her againe:
That ſince ſhe firſt dyd ſee thy corps,
hath felt this pyning paine.
Theſe words had ſcarſly left hir lips
when they wear out of ſight:
And he that care had choked nie,
and feede with great delight,
To ſee his Ladie and his loue,
in preſence face to face,
And gone againe ſo ſodainly,
before he could imbrace
Her tender lymmes, theſe ſights I ſay
hath forſt him to awake:
But when he knowes it is a dreame
an out crie he doth make,

As

As though his hart had felt the stroke,
of fiers vntimely death,
And lyke as if to loftie Skies,
he hath resingde his breath.
And doth it not suffise (quoth he)
a wakyng wight to wrong,
With heapes of vndeserued paynes,
and fittes of death among.
But dreames, and fond aluuions two,
must help for to augment,
My scorching cares that long or this,
my life had welnye spent?
Oh frowning goods and mercifes,
that seeke to feede my vayne,
with fond perswasions, that my loue
is quite with loue againe,
These eyes saw my Jeneuora,
that seemd to pyne away.
Because she ferd to ioy my loue,
as Ladies two dyd say.
which were the heauenliest creature
that erst myne eyes dyd see,
Bedect with gold, & crowns they had
and suer Gods they bee.
Oh blessed sight, and ioytul newes,
to good for troth I feare:
And may it be that thou thus farest
for him that houlds the deare.
Then fye of care, and farewel couch,
reioyce in ioye my hart,
For then within my skyn shal lodge
no more this dayly smart.

But

But why should I thus trust in dreames
that fansies be of mynde:
And eke vnconstant groundes of troth,
as writers haue defynde.
At least a dreame is contrary,
and then to true in dede
It is, that lothsome loues dispayre
my griping griefes doth fede.
Yet Poets say that dreames be true
and things to come foreshowes,
For profe, they tel a doleful dreame,
that Creusides ghost well knows.
And wast not tould Andromaka,
in vision plaine by night:
That Hector should the morow next,
depart from life by fight?
If Poetes fayle, let Scripture serue,
and did not Pharao dreame:
What gret increase, & derth likewise
should happe vnto this Realme?
And Joseph saw in slumbring sleape,
what honour should befall
To him, and how his brothers sheues,
before his sheefe did fall.
These proue ỹ dreame is messenger
of good and bad ensue:
As warning sent from God aboue
these sinfull dedes tescbue.
Therfore in hope of happie hap,
dispayre I do defie:
And henceforth boldly I do intend
to seeke some remedie.

And if such lotte beloued me,
as I may her inioye,
No more these cares I do protest,
my sences shall annoy.
Now is the pacient plaister layd,
to his long fretted wound:
And now his wits he cals to him,
to helpe with counsell sound.
Ye leanes those careful couches now
he seekes to salue his sore,
As one that shunnes the furious meates,
instruct by Phisickes lore.
The desert walkes which earst he trod,
are desert now for him:
And now remembraunce of his dreame
reioyseth in euery limme.
In fine his care doth now consist,
only for to disclose:
His fittes vnto Ieneuora,
and his long tasted wors.
Wherin so wisely he hath wrought,
and playd so well his part:
That now by life or els by death,
to ease his loden hart.

a meanes he findes.

When Cupid had with poysned dart,
performed his full intent,
Vpon these sillie louers two,
and forst them to consent.
(Vnknown to both,) vnto his lore,
by mutuall burning loue:
He left echo wayling others chaunce,
and clymes to skies aboue.

But she (alas) whose colour shewes,
the passions of her mynde:)
Stayes not to wayle her bitter chaunce,
with teares and wasted winde.
And still complaynes in secret wise,
of this consuming fit:
Which for to ease, she cries to death,
her hart in hast to slit.
The Ladies craue by gentle meanes
to know her cause of care:
But she (with skill) nought more than that
detesteth to declare.
The night is past with tumbling oft
within her wery bed:
And seld or neuer doth approche
one sleape vnto her head.
In stead wherof contrary thoughtes
do occupy her brayne,
And then whole floudes of brokish teares
depart from eyes amaine.
Her moystie pilow she doth leaue
long or the day appeare:
And rechlesly she deckes her selfe,
nought forcing what she weare.
Thus clothd, she spends welny the day
in temple much deuout.
Accompanied with one alone,
(and not with glistring rout.
Of Courtlie dames) this Lady hath
in charge her booke to beare,
As one that for her parentage
the Princes held full deare.

This ſame eſpide Ariodant,
that long had ſought to finde
Conuenient place, and time as fit,
to vtter out his mynd,
Which ſeene, welcome the time (he ſaies)
of me deſired long:
Wherin I hope to be releaſt,
of this my ſolom ſong.
For if I may ſuch frendſhip finde,
of her that beares the booke:
As ones to wayte in ſtead of her,
for more I do not looke.
Then ſhall my plaint, which written firſt,
and cold in ſecret wyſe:
Within the booke, diſcloſe my care,
at full before her eyes.
Wherin ſhee ſhall perceiue alſo,
the fittes of my diſeaſe:
And how my cauſe to her I yeld,
to order as ſhee pleaſe.
And if ſhee be of nature good,
Though ſhee diſdayne my name:
Yet will ſhee kepe it ſecretly,
that therby grow no blame.
And if ſhee hate to rue my care,
I know the end of all:
The worſt is, that my deſperate corſe
on goring knife ſhall fall.
But if ſhe take me to her grace,
who liues in better plight:
Or who can vaunt of greater bliſſe,
or is a happier wight?

Thus

Thus he concludes and findes out time,
and place, and now doth craue:
Of her that daylie beares the booke,
the carriage for to haue.
The morow, when her Ladie doth
to chappell take the way:
Which friendship showe, shall bind me yours
for to remaine alway.
(He said). And she y knew no guile,
ne what was his intent,
Except to get the Princes grace,
his wilie head was bent.
Which by that means might sone be wonne
and then the fruites of gayne:
As hopte reward for seruitur,
in recompence of payne.
As mouid with termes of curtesie,
doth yelde vnto his will:
Who frindly said you haue your best
your mind I do fulfill.
Therfore see that to morow nert,
about the houre of eyght:
you geue attendance in this place,
in my steade for to weight.
Ariodant with thousand thankes,
requites this freindly graunt:
And vowes for her in all affaies,
his power shall not want.
Thus part they two, the Ladie thé,
to Princes grace agayne:
Doth hie: And he, in chamber close
doth take no litle payne.

In writing out at large, the cause
of his longe proued woe,
And when, and where, and how he did,
his liberte forgoe.
First how her fame, did force him leaue
the ioyes of native land:
And taught him skale the craggie rock,
and saile by fearfull sande.
Then how by sodein sight, her shape
did steale from him his hart:
Since when, he tels how he hath felt,
the paynes of mortall smart.
Herein he makes a long discourse,
and ends with answere craud,
In gentlest wise, that mought haue moued,
a hart of stone I graud.
This letter made, & sealed with war,
he hides in secret wise:
And all that night, in steade of sleape,
he doth therof deuise.
Sometime a lothsome thought, doth bid
him leaue his rashe intent:
And reason tels him thousand doughtes,
his purpose to preuent.
Sometime, he feares least rechlesly,
she mought his letter lease:
Or els bewray it to her Syre,
his hory head to please.
Or here the sede that louers sowe,
wherof doth spring the grayne:
Of doughtfull bliste, that subiect is,
to drought and stormes of rayne.

But

But feare or shame or dought of death,
can nought this louer moue:
Though silence if he could haue choosd,
seemde best for his behoue.
And for to moue Ariodant,
his wylfull path to shunne:
As easie it weare to see the streame,
against the tide to runne.
Auroras beames hath banisht night:
sir Phebe doth vaunt in East,
Whose plesant hew, reioyceth byrds
and ioyes both man, and beast.
Ariodant forsakes his bed,
he feares to come to late:
He prayes the happy Mercurie,
to send him happy fate.
Now is he come vnto the place,
where he was warnd to staie:
And thinks long till Ieneuora?
to Chappell go to pray.
The Princes is attired now,
she calleth for her booke:
Wheron she dayly wonted is,
in temple for to looke.
The Lady doth present her selfe,
before his mistres eyes:
With booke in hand Ieneuore,
in hast to chappell hyes.
They passe wheras Ariodant
doth stand in readines:
To haue the promyse now performd
which earst I did expresse.

She was as mindefull of her graunt
as he of his request:
Add therwith gaue to him the booke,
which she in hand hath prest.
He folowes our Jeneuora,
she backward doth retire:
His letter in the booke is cold,
as he would best desire.
The Princes is come to the pew,
wher wonted she doth pray,
He humbly yeld to her the booke,
and so departes away.
But when she saw Ariodant,
whom more then life she loud,
(As one amazd) the blushing bloud,
from wonted course is moud:
Which driues away the colour pale,
which earst was in her face:
(A signe they say of tried truth,
and store of giltles grace)
In doughtful plight the Lady knels
if vision she had seene:
Or if conceit of idle brayne,
the cause therof had bene.
The truth it selfe doth hardly lodge,
within her doutfull head:
Besides the nouelties therof,
haue nouell fansies bread.
In these conceites, she opes the booke
the letter is descride:
She languisheth till that theffect
therof she hath espide.

With rauish brayn she hath purusd.
her louers dolefull plaint:
And twenty times she doth vnread,
how loue did him attaint.
She reades (with ruth) his termes of grace
and eke her answer craud:
His vowed troth, for ay she reades,
which in her hart is graud.
What shuld I say, the happie newes
with auncient woes contend:
So diuersly, within her corps,
that backward she doth bend.
In sound, as one that lenger had
no power to foster life:
Among her vexed limes, (I say)
there is such mortall strife.
Thus neuel ioyes haue won the field
and banisht woe away:
And gasping life & breathing breath,
do helpe to part the fray.
The banisht bloud retires agayne,
the dampishe could is fled,
Assured hope confounds dispayre,
and conquers drowsie dred.
Her scorched hart hath moisture fosid
her seared ioyntes are strong,
The burning heate, and Isie could,
that troubled her so longe.
Are quite exild, and in their steede,
the Elements doo rule
Indiffrently, and haslie health,
beginnes for to recule.

Sée here, the wyse Chyrurgion,
hath found one salue to cure
His own disease, and hers, that dyd
in woe long tyme indure.
Oh happy thryse Ariodant,
thy patient will may say:
When as thy letter hath such grace,
to banish cares away.
For as by pearsing lookes, eche one,
became eache others thrall:
And as by dome of Cupids might,
in bondage they did fall:
So do Melpomens sugred style,
new freedom eche possest,
He by his letter gaynd that he would,
and she that pleased her best.
When dying fits constraynd by ioy,
had lost their chokyng force:
And gasping breath, began to rule,
in late forsaken corse.
When lyuely bloud, which earst forsoke
his wanne and swelling heate:
Had vanquisht death from euery part,
and pulces fast gan beate:
Then with two streames of ioyfull teares,
the letter bathed is:
And twyse ten thousand tymes I thinke,
the paper she doth kisse.
Now doth she finely close it vp,
and puttes it next her brest,
Againe vnfolded now it is,
now reades she his request.

She came to Temple much deuout,
deuotion mou'd hir minde:
But to the Gods, this rauisht dame,
in prayers spends small winde.
She rather seekes which way she may
behaue hir to hir loue:
And eke which way, they best may work
for both their best behoue.
She thinkes it sin to deale with him,
as some coye Dames do vse:
To feede him with a fayre looke,
and after him refuse.
She rather minds, (to ease his care)
an answer for to sende:
Wherin like cause, like fits and wo,
she myndeth shall be pend.
but least the gasing eye mought vew
the secrets of their mynd;
And least their lauish letters sent,
mought rayse a sclaunderous myn:
She doth deuise a secret meanes
how he, without suspect
May easely those letters find,
which are to him direct:
And she may haue, at that selfe place
the answer of hir friend,
And so, eche one may partner be
of others faithfull mynde.
With these conceits, the burning ehayre
doth clyme on hieft heauen,
The Clock agreeth with the Sunne,
and sayes it is eleuen.

The Lady wayteth by the pewe,
and hath three houres large:
Her only prayer is to God,
that others hab her charge.
Thus are her mistres orisons,
in order sayd eche one:
Her homeward countnance shows how that,
her God hath eas'd her mone.
Yet modestly her smiling eyes,
with sober loke is clad:
She means her mirth w̄ solom chere
although not all so sad.
Thus hath she left ỹ temples rights,
to Court she hies agayne:
She tasted there late lothed meates,
she filles with ioy her brayne.
The Ladies smile to sē this chaūge.
the king doth heare this newes,
His heauie hart doth leape for ioy,
he doth no lenger muse.
But he(poore soule) Ariodant,
when he with quaking chere:
And shaking hand,did geue the boke
vnto his Lady dere:
His hastie steps do leaue the pewe,
his prayers sone are donne:
And secretly in chamber he
thus hath his tale begonne.
What wants ther now Ariodant?
what is ther now behind?
What hard attempt is yet vndone?
or what is in thy mynd?

Not yet perfo;mde, thou mayſt atchieue,
and b;ing vnto an ende,
Before the greuous gaſtly grones,
thy wofull hart doth rende.
Behould theſe eyes of myne, haue ſéne
the laſt of all thy ioye:
And this vnhappy head to late,
doth wayle thy great annoy.
Oh friendles wretch, & heuens agré,
to ſée thy fatall fall:
And theſe thy endles dolefull plaints
are ioye vnto them all.
Els, had thy folly neuer fo;ſt
thée to attempt this ioye:
Which ſcand, & iudged indifferently,
dep;iues thée of thy ioy.
Thinkſt thou her noble hart cã b;ok
thy groſſe vnegall loue:
Or to fo; her ſhape and ſemelines,
moughte match with Gods aboue.
Thinkſt thou, w̃ patiẽce ſhe can vi;w
the foly of thy b;ayne:
Whoſe paſſing wiſdõ, wel app;oude
all earthly wittes doth ſtayne.
Thinkſt thou to ſcape w̃out thy hire,
of him that rules the lant?
Thinkſt thou thy wand;ing letter, ſound,
of all ſhall not be ſcand?
Oh witles wretch when ſtãd is ſtcine,
thou ſeeſt what may enſue:
But when thou meughſt thou couldſt not ti ẽ
a p;eſent harme eſchue.

Oh

Oh maze then thyse vnhappy wight,
eche open mouth shall sound
To Skies thy shame, when thy vile corpse
forgot shall lodge in ground.
Dispatch therfore, why stayes thy hand
to geue thy hart his mæde:
Whose foolish lust, and fond desire,
was causer of this dæde.
And therwithall he drew his blade,
his desperat part to play:
But reason with hir hollsome skyll,
forst hastie hand to staie.
May rather yeld thou fole (quoth she)
to reasons sound aduise:
Who greater fits then thou dost fele,
can cure with a tryse.
Wilt thou with desperate death deserue,
the paynes of lasting smart:
That mayst with eased mynd a whyle
finde salue to heale thy hart?
Perchance thy Ladie doth require,
thy loue with loue againe:
Why wilt thou then till troth be knowne
with dread increase thy payne.
Perchance or this her hart hath felt,
for thee lyke fittes and care,
And truth it is, she crased is,
and heauely doth fare.
And wait not be that Cupide is
a iudge indifferent:
Who for tormgment your ieyes the moze,
doth thus your lymmes tozment,

But loue, thou saist, vnegall plaist
is cauſer of thy care:
(Ah fole) and hast thou now forgot,
how Cupide none will spare.
And is not King, and Kayſer perſt
with his artyleric?
and knowst thou not how (blinded) he
at ventures lettes it flie?
Canst thou alone then suffer shame,
(if shame a man mought call
An honeſt loue, when worlds of men
to loue are bound and thrall?)
Suppoſe the King might know thy loue,
what harme can then insue:
Himselfe or this could hardly shunne,
the sparkes of Venus creiue.
Wherfore, let thought be forclt, from
the bounds of quiet hart:
And with aduiſe whats beſt to doe,
theſe passions set apart.
Thy Ladie is a gentill Dame,
her beiutie doth declare:
Who for to ease thy grædie minde,
an answere will not spare.
Craue once againe the cariage of
the booke, thou late didst beare,
And in the cariage search the booke,
if ought be lodged there:
Perchaunce as thou didst first inuent
so she will now deuiſe:
And will her answere ther inclose,
thy mynde for to suffile.

These thoughts, (as Phebus clears the skie)
from foule infectiue myst:
Do ease his mynd, & banish thought,
out from his cloudy brest.
In western seas swift Phaeton,
doth plunge his gleaming chayre,
And in his stæd the gliding starres,
doth compasse loftie ayre.
When in his bed Ariodant
doth couch his heauy head:
In hope to scape but fansies newe,
dow rule in Sopros stead.
The Princes is to closet gone
not rekles of her friend,
And least her dæds mought be espide,
the doze is lockt and pynd.
Then takes she paper, pen, and Ink,
and thus writes to her own:
Take this (not as an answere sent)
from one to thæ vnknown.
But let these lines be guide to thæ,
which way thou mayst attayne,
Unto my answer, craued that doth,
by Oliue træ remaine.
Repayre therfore Ariodant,
to priuie gardayn where:
Under the mightie Oliue træ,
by me lies hidden there.
That thou diost craue, this may suffise,
at full thy longing minde:
Till more at large, at fitter time,
thou shalt my answer finde.

This

(This done) she takes an other sheete
of paper, which doth serue:
To answere to his letter sent,
for which he nie doth sterue.
Therin she blisseth thryse the tyme
when he did tread on ground:
O Scottish Realme, whose like (quoth she)
in earth can not be found.
Therin she blisseth eke him selfe,
that would take such great payne:
To sée so meane a wight as she,
in whom doth not remayne.
Yalfe that great prayse, which he bestowes,
on her vnworthy shape:
Which is the worst that euer did,
from natures handes escape.
Then dolefully she doth lament,
his long sustained woe:
His pining fittes, vnquiet rest,
his cares she rues also.
Now is the time, when Venus first
did thrall her to her lore:
Declared eke, and care, for care,
she doth requite, and more.
Now doth she, (like an Orratres)
perswade him to be true:
She vows by Ioue to shun the paths,
that she wils him eschue.
What should I say, she tels ỹ time,
she tels the secret place:
When either, other person, may
without suspect imbrace.

Vntill which time, she wished him,
amendment of his fittes:
With thousand ioyes, which to declare,
would trouble sore my wittes.
Well wery hand and watched eye,
sake now longe shunned rest:
As sleape to worke thy drousie charme,
at hand is ready prest.
This night, the glad Ieneuora,
of sleape receiueth more:
Then in sir months and odde (I think)
she did receiue before.
Ariodant (as Marchant tell
with stormes from kenned land:
That feares by rock, or swallowing goulfe,
his deaths day is at hand)
Dispayring lies, and dreadfull thoughtes
oppresse his crased minde:
And doughting most that battred barke,
so sone good port should finde.
Yet as he had concluded, he
by breake of day doth ryse:
And in dispite of fortune, mindes
tachiefe his interprise.
Ieneuora, (though heauy head,
did craue more golden sleape,)
Is not vnmindfull of her charge:
ne lenger bedde doth keape.
But long before Ariodant,
she doth vnknown arise:
And with her letter hastely,
to priuie garden hies.

And

And as she had deuised earst,
within her little scrowle:
She hides it by the Diue tree,
vnknown to any soule.
That done, to warme an easie bed
(not waking any wight,)
She plies againe, and lieth till
Aurora geueth light.
Then vp she startes, & decks her self,
with costlie robes of gould:
Her glistring hear, in sumptuous cal
the courtly Dames dw fould.
Then close in closet she doth put
the scrowle into the bowke:
Which first she made, of purpose, y
her friend theron should lowke.
That done, she thus commaundes her mayd,
if he doth come this day:
That last did beare the bowke, when I,
to chappell went to pray.
And craue the bowke agayne of you,
graune him (quoth she) his mynd,
The straūger shows a courtiers part
it comes from gentill minde.
With dutie done, the Lady graunts,
vnto her Ladies will:
That in her stead doth with be had,
of wayting full his fill.
Ariodant, abideth nowe,
in his appointed place:
But fearfulnes compels him hyde,
his blushing, bashfull face.

Till that the Princes past the place,
where lurking he did stay:
She is scarce gone, when secretly,
the Lady he doth pray.
Once more in stede of her to wayte,
and cariage for to haue:
Of paayer booke, she graunts it him,
he hath that he did craue.
Then secretly the fearfull man,
doth pric within the booke:
The scrowle he finds, & takes it out,
he cannot therin looke.
For feruent ioye: he puts it vp,
she is now come to pewe:
He geues ỳ booke with blushing face,
his Lady that doth beiwe.
Her smiling chere, bids him farwell:
his hastie foote doth part:
These frendly looks, which after that
for euer lodge in hart.
This longing louer is aryud,
at chamber, now in hast:
He opes ỳ scrowle, & word for word,
he findes in order plast.
As erst I could: he heues his handes,
and streacht out armes to skies:
His clothes he bathes with gushing teares,
that run from swelling eyes.
His ioye is in her secretnes,
that myndes not to disclose:
His prefard loue, as by thappointed place he doth suppose.

For

For though (quoth he) the answere be
not as my fansie would:
Yet by this meanes to show my mynd,
no doubt I may be bould.
And though she now doth light esteeme,
and will not heare my plaint:
In tract of time my sittes I trust,
her stony hart may taint.
For rust in tyme, will canker in
the gad of sturdy steele:
And littel wourme in tract of tyme,
doth make the Oke to reele.
In time, by droppes of raynie dew,
the flynte flint doth freat:
In time also the beating sea,
the ruggie rock doth eate.
And may not then in time my sobbes
and teares, from drowned eyes:
Pearse gentil hart, whose nature is,
to rule on wofull cryes?
Besides if lookes may moue me think
my loue she doth requite:
I need no greater proofe then that
wherof I late had sight.
For did not colour chaunge in face,
when she beheld me fast:
First read as any Rose in May,
and pale agayne at last?
Some say that these be arguments,
of vext, and troubled minde:
And soneft seene in louers face:
(as I in writers finde.)

But why doe I thus spend the time,
in dought, and doughtfull toyes:
When answer soen and once peruse,
may ease perhaps annoyes.
And therwithall, like greedy wolfe,
nye stcrued for his pray:
De leaues his talke and hastelie
to gardin takes the way.
Where priuely, at bidden place,
he sekes with curious eyes:
The answer which his Ladie did,
for him of late deuyse.
The toyfull man hath found it out,
his labour now is don:
De leaues the gardin for that nyght,
he doth to lodging runne.
Wher carefully, he doth vnfould,
the letter closlie seald:
And readeth eke by circumstance,
that was by dreame reueald.
And (as I sayd how she extolles,
his shape vnto the skyes:
And how of her renoumed grace,
she basely can deuise.
Then how she rewes ỳ scorching fits
which he so long hath felt:
And then as touching her ill rest
how lone with her hath delt.
Nert that, her wyse perswasion he
with: leaping hart doth rede:
Then firm faith and plighted troath,
till death doth craue his mede.

Oh happy newes, oh ioyfull lines,
oh sentence glad pronounst:
That makes hi seke for rauisht wits,
that so in cares wast trounst.
Come helpe ye Mountain Ladies al,
and leaue Pernassus hill:
Come help me with your sugred stile
my charge for to fulfill.
And thou, oh Spring of eloquence,
come helpe to guyde my hand:
That rudely doth presume to write,
in verse but grosly scand:
Of ioyes, that bad their ginning first
of black and lothsome fittes:
Come helpe therfore Apollo thou,
to wheat my dulled wittes.
And help oh knights of Cupids crew
on whom dame Venus smiles:
To write of vlisse, and more the ioye,
that floudes of cares eriles.
For your report must make my skill
by proufe I nought can write:
Of ioyes, although (þ more my ruth)
of cares I can indight.
But sith the listing eare doth wayte,
to heare howe he doth fare:
That late receiud these gladsome newes
such wynde I now will spare.
And sith both Muses, Gods, and Men,
disdayne to rue my plaint:
You must wt baser verse, (my lords)
your learned heads acquaint.

Therfore, when hungrie eyes had fed,
long tyme on pleasant newes:
And gladnes had his pining corse,
such mourning to refuse.
With bowed knee, his toyned handes,
to hautie heauen he houldes:
And then vnto the mightie Ioue,
he thus his mynd vnfoldes.
Perpetuall prayse immortall God,
(that all of nought didst frame)
Be dewe to thee, and lasting grace,
be geuen vnto thy name:
That from the toppe of hiest heauen
to deepest vale belowe:
Dost (like a gentell Sauior,)
on me such pitie showe.
Whose sinfull deeds, do dayly moue,
thy godly mynde to yre:
And purchase eke, (by iust desert,)
the paynes of dreadfull fyre.
Thy goodnes (Lord) no tong can tell,
ne head can well deuise:
No pe can paint such worthy prayse,
as may thy deedes suffise.
My hart vnable is to think,
thy goodnes showde to mee:
That with thy might, hast socourd one,
quite drowned in miserie.
For was not I the wofullst wretch,
that liued vnder skyes:
Consumd with care, nye chockt with sobbes,
besprent with teares, and cryes.

And

And now, who liues in greater blisse
who now more happier wight,
Whose fate doth fortune fauor more,
or who in better plight?
Wherfore, if thou (oh mightie Ioue)
wilt bryng to happie eno,
This loue begonne, which in thy law
we mind till death to spend:
If thou (I say) (as thou dost knowe,
the secrets of my hart,
Be quite from guyle, & fardest from
the sinne that asketh smart:)
Wilt turne our former passions
of vile consuming care,
To lasting ioye, and perfect blisse,
and graunt to vs, the share
Of spousals rights, which more then goods,
or friends, or life I loue,
I vow, by all that earst thou framdst
in earth, and heauen aboue,
By this my soule I vow, I sweare,
I firmly doo protest,
To loue, to dread, and serue thee lord
whylst lyfe lodge in my brest.
This vow he made, and vp he starts,
he feeles he thinks no ground:
His limmes that earst for weaknes bowd,
in strength do now abound.
His mynde runnes on Ieneuora,
and of hir worthy hew,
He giues to hir the chiefest prayse,
of all fayre bewties crewe.

He thinkes now of the courteous lines,
whiche she to him did sende:
He reades them till by hart eche worde
he knowes, and then doth rende
The paper, least by some mishappe,
the letter lost and founde:
Mought turne to his decaye, and hers,
to whome he chiefe is bounde.
Now thinkes he of the ioyfull place,
whiche she did late inuent:
Where he with sight of her his ioye,
his minde he mought content.
Against which time he deckes himselfe
with sutes of ioyfull hewe,
And throwes away his mournyng weedes,
he lothes on them to vewe.
He now doth vaunt him self, amongst
the rout of courtly mates:
His gladnes, hath brought hunger to,
he feedes on costly cates
He is not now on tomblyng bed,
nor wandryng nowe alone:
He doth not nightly now lament,
nor filles the skies with mone:
But like a careles youth the daye,
in sundrie sportes he spendes,
And so the nightes in maskes, and showes,
he bringeth to their endes
In fine, eche care, that whylom was,
to him griefe and annoie:
Is nowe become a treble blisse,
and twentie fould more ioye.

Then

Then if he earſt had neuer felt,
of woe the cutting fittes,
Or if the ſtormes of lothſome loue
had neuer toſt his wittes.
His brother, (that was partner long
of his vnquiet reſt)
Is glad with him, ſ driues forth with
vyle care from carefull breſt.
His mind, (ſ earſt was dulled quite)
his lyms, (that lothed diſport)
Is wakt from dreame, and now he is
as ſtiffe as mightie fort.
Now wants he nought but mates to ſtande,
the dint of his great ſpeare:
Or ſuch as would in open field,
againſt him armour beare
But none there are in Scottiſh ſoyle
no none that beareth life:
(That knowes his might) that dare aduance
him ſelfe before his knife.
Therfore, in ſtede of iuſtes on hors,
and tournois done on foote,
In forreſt wyde, the ſauage beaſt,
in dennes he ſéeketh out,
Wherby the countrey man doth liue
at home in ſuertie:
And kéepes therby him ſelfe, and his,
from former ieoperdie.
But why do I of profit ſpeake,
wher pleaſure is my ſong:
Or what hath Bloudie Mars to dw,
amongſt Cupidos throng:

Why

Why sayst thou pen, to speak of him
that armed is with ioy:
And prest against fayre Ladies foes,
his might for to imploy?
Why telst thou not how he hath now
disclosed to his loue,
(In presence) all his former woes.
(which hard) forthwith do moue
The Cristal drops frō smilyng eyes
by streames for to discend:
She shewes like fittes, which forse from hart
the broken sighes tassend.
Then he with tould armes imbrast
her small and semely wast:
And she her slender ioynts, about
her louers neck hath cast.
A thousand tymes he kissed hath
her lippes of rossat hew.
As oft she doth vnkisse againe,
her friend and louer trew.
How doth his tongue confirme those fittes,
which penne did late indight:
As how with sighes the day he spent
and with lyke teares the night.
Then how with hope he was alurd,
to sue for wished grace:
and how in dream with goddesse two
he saw her heauenly face.
The princes hears, this plesant talke
and then she did vnfould,
What sightes, what shapes, and visions, she
in night tyme did behould.

With

With ſuch like talke, the tyme is ſpent,
and now is come the howre:
When ſugrie preſence, they muſt change
for penſife parting ſowre.
They rue their want, and hate the tyme,
that byds them to depart:
But nedes they muſt, though corſe ſtrong,
it is for them to ſtart.
He geues in ſigne of loyal loue
vnto the Princes grace,
A Diamond of paſſing priſe,
a ringe that did abace:
All Iuels that before that tyme,
were ſcene in Scottiſh land:
Whoſe gleming ſtone cauſd gaſing eyes
on muſing oft to ſtand.
She takes the ring with ioyful hart,
ſhe geues to him againe
A token, which doth ſignifie,
ſhe faithfull will remaine.
With ioyned lips, they ſay farewell,
with preſſed hand in hand
They vow: that to that place ech day
to come no let ſhall ſtand.
Againe they kiſſe, and faintly then,
mine own adew (quoth he)
With becked hand, and bowed head,
my heart farewell (quoth ſhe)
Their backward lokes ſhow loth to part,
their hartes agree alſo:
That to enioy eche others ſight:
great wealth they would forgo.

Thus

Thus are they come, she to the court,
among the glistring rout
Of chast Dianas nimphes, and he
repayres, amongst the stout
and sturdy band, of Scottish knights
where hē doth passe the daye,
In decent games, in courtly sportes,
and other seemely playe.
Sometime with racket he doth tosse
the light reboundyng ball,
And carfully doth marke the chase:
now he his hauke doth call:
And now his barbed horse he traynes
to passe his swift carear:
Or els to gallope round the field,
now doth he with his speare,
By steadie crurse obterne the tyng,
and now by forsed mighte,
He breaks his staffe, & now he learns
his caruyng glayne to byte
On forged shield (That done) on foote
he runnes a breathyng race,
And then returnes to court to wayt
before his Lieges grace:
Which he can do in seemeliest sort,
therin he hath such skill:
That better then the best he doth,
his courtly charge fulfill
The dyner don, he filles his eares,
with heauenly melodie,
And he him selfe on solom lute,
can stryke swete hermonie.

And

And now amongſt the Scottiſhe Dames,
(as though he weare to chuſe)
He would diſcourſe of hiſtories,
and tell of forein newes.
As firſt the ſiege of worthy Troy,
what knightes therin weare ſlayn:
And how that Helen was the cauſe,
that Grecians felt ſuch paine.
Then how, the chaſt Penelope,
did leade a widowes lyfe:
Til hir Ulix, and Antheno^r,
did ende the tenne yeares ſtrife.
Next how Eneas, falſly delt,
with Dido, Carthage Queene,
And how for falſing of her faith,
Falſe Creſeide fell vncleane.
A thouſand ſuch this curious knight
repo^rts vnto this crew,
And all (god knowes, was to the end
his Ladie for to vewe.
The Courtiers they delight to heare
his paſſing eloquence,
They thank him al, he ſeeks no mo^re
he hath his recompence.
He is (good ſoule) a happie man,
that by that meanes he may:
At pleaſure and without ſuſpect,
ſee his Ieneuo^ra,
Amongſt theſe ieſtes, he mindfull is,
of ſecrete meetyng place:
He cannot that forget, where he
his Lady ſhall imbrace.

There (as it lighted in his head)
he doth vnlode his brayne,
And she, as amours forse her speake,
doth yeld the like againe.
Their other passions I commit
to you that louers be:
I cannot think, much lesse to wryte,
theyr fittes of iolytie.
But many daies these faithfull ones
did spend in great delight:
And longer had, if fortune had,
not wrought them great dispit:
For whilst they two with quiet myndes
had driuen away the cloude
Of carefulnes, and nought but blisse,
within their harts did shrowd,
(I faint to tell) that Serpent vile,
that worketh Princes woe:
That treason black, forst them (alas)
theyr freedom to forgoe.
Therfore, a dew, without desert,
ye Nymphes of Helicon:
Possesse your Mount I need you not
let my rude verse alone.
Tis Sibil she that Profitelle:
that knowes, the darksome denne
Of Plutos Realm, that must be ayde
to guyde my rugged penne.
We must amongst the lothsome shades,
seeke out Alecto vile:
That may with mone, and solome tune,
deck this my dolefull style.

Thou

Thou Ioue graunt that I may finde out,
The bough of golden hewe:
And that the teeth of hellish dogge,
I safely may eschewe.
And thou (I say) that worker art,
of this my changed songe:
Help with thy Snakie hears to show
the sting of treason strong.
For thou, thou Witch, thou hellish hagge,
thou wrinkled fury fell,
Hast forst my pen that painted blisse,
of foule mishappe to tell.
But sith with scorched limmes he craues,
to wipte his cruell fall:
Whom fortune late with honour deckt,
and reard to noble wall.
I will assay to turne my stile,
from louers happy life:
To frowning fittes, to sobbes, to cryes,
to falshod cause of strife:
And sith he seekes to haue his fall,
a mirrour to the rest:
That line, I will begin with him,
and let the other rest.
There was amongst the Scottish Lordes,
(whom honour did aduaunce
To noble style,) a mightie Duke,
of bloud, although hard chaunce,
Oh slithie face, dispoyld him quite
of former dignitie:
And forst him leaue his tipe of might,
to peruerse miserie.

This Prince was Duke of Albany,
and Pollincello hight:
And vassall to the Scottish king,
a subtill craftie knight.
Who well increast in aged yéres,
(and yet to chuse a feare)
Can greatly loue Ienenora,
whom he as liue helde deare.
And sith he was of noblest birth,
of subiectes in the land:
He thought thee rather to obtayne,
that he did take in hand.
Wherfore he is in mynd oft tymes,
to moue the King herein:
Whose grace once got, he soner thinks
the Princes for to win.
Againe thinks he, if she should know
my mynd is for to craue:
Her fathers graunt, before I do
her fauour sake to haue:
The stately dame perhaps would dain
my sute and profred loue:
Therfore he minds this way to deale
as for his best behoue,
Her sakes (I say) to spend the tyme,
with her in stately court:
To play with her at chesse, or cardes,
or other chamber sport.
And when he sees she pleasant is,
and in her merry vayne:
To breake to her such amours, as
within his hart remaine.

So thought, so don, he wears the day
as earst he did deuise:
He hath his fill of Ladies lookes,
he feades therwith his eyes.
But see the spight that ielousie
that prieth euery where.
Hath brought him in an agonie,
and in a soden feare.
He sees the straunger of resort,
to his reioysing place:
He sees his Ladie showes to him
a pleasant smiling face.
But most of all, and that that most
augmentes his ielousie:
Is straungers ring, which she doth weare,
still gleaming in his eye.
Wherwith, dispayring in his mynde
of his late hoped gayne:
He thinks to spend more time therin
is booteles and in vayne.
Yet doth affection tell him that
his doughtes be contrarie:
The Straunger cometh to the court
(saith he) of curtesie.
And she requireth, like, for like,
what if she weare his Ringe
The stone is rich, and happely,
she hath therin liking.
Besides, will she bestowe her loue
of one a straunger borne:
Of mean estate? when Princes loues
she oft hath had in scorne?

Thus hope, and dought vex hould this Duke,
he long hath felt what payne:
Diſpayre doth bring, and eke what toyes,
in doughtfull fittes remayne.
And when he ſawe that wearing tyme,
could nothing waſt his dought:
Inforſt by loue and ielouſie,
this fetch he hath found out.
Firſtly, for to acquaint him ſelf,
with this Ariodant:
That dayly doth (as well as he)
to Princes lodging haunt.
And then, for to inuite him home,
vnto his mancion:
Where he concludes to put in vre,
this laſt inuention.
That is, to hauke and hunt with him,
and paſſe the time away:
In ſuch diſportes as he delightes,
chiefly to weare the day.
In which meane time he will diſclole
the ſecretes of his mynde:
To him, as both his owne affaires,
and ſuch as are affingde.
To priuie counſell, for the wealth,
of all the Scottiſh lande:
And eke what actes the king intends,
with ſpæde to take in hand.
Then of his priuate dædes to tell,
and how he leades his life:
And eke with whom he is in leage,
and eke with whom in ſtrife.

All

Al theſe & moze then theſe, this Duke
doth mynd foꝛ to diſcloſe:
To his inuited geſt at home,
only of this purpoſe.
To haue the ſtraunger yeld agayne,
the ſecrets of his hart:
In recompence of that which he,
to him did late impart.
Amõgſt which thigs, he hopes to hẽr
of this ſuſpected loue:
And ſo to be reſolud of that,
which ielouſie did moue.
And if it be (as he ſuſpect)
(I meane) that ſhe hath chõſde
Ariodant vnto her fere,
and he hath eke refuſde.
All other foꝛ Ieneuoꝛa,
then he in friendly wyſe,
Will beat into the ſtraungers head,
what harmes therof may ryſe.
Oꝛ els to perſwade him that,
his time is ſpent in vayne:
In ſuing to obtayne her grace,
that doth great Lo:des diſdayne.
And how, that ſhe doth mynd diſceit,
and nought eſteemes his loue:
As Ladie wilie heades doo oft,
the ſelfe ſoule to pꝛoue.
With ſuch conceites as theſe, the Duke
doth thinke foꝛ to beguile:
This careles man, that falſhods craft,
hath fardeft in exile.

And now, from craftie Parlament,
he calles his wylie wittes:
In mynde, in haſt to put in vre
this ſame, to eaſe his fittes.
And finding now Ariodant
amongſt the courtly crewe:
Of Scottiſh Dames, ỳ ioyes in hart
his Lady for to bewe,
Ye doth acquaint him ſelf with him
and with a friendly face:
Inuites him to his ſtately home,
and courtly dwelling place.
The ſtraunger (that for courteſie
excells the Scottiſh rout)
(Whoſe giltles mind cuid not deuiſe
this treaſon to ſearch out)
With bowed knee, and humble thãks
requites his ientleneſs:
And ſhows him ſelf at his commaũ
as preſt in readines.
The Duke is glad, that thus he hath
atchevd his interpryſe:
The ſtraunger ioyes, & hopes hereby
ſome happy happe may riſe.
Now both haue left ỳ Kegall court,
both leaue their Ladies ſight:
And now amidſt the pleſaunt fieldes
to ſport dw both delight.
Somtime their running feete purſue
the cry of yelling hounde:
Somtime they ioy to ſmite the deare
or els the hart to wounde.

Some-

Sometime in arms, they seke ẏ chase
of Beare or Lyon fearce:
Or els with sharp and cutting glayue
the tusked Boare to pearce.
Whē day is gon, they welcom night
with showes and harmonie:
Or els with well squard champions,
to force their treasure flie.
Amongst these sports & plesant iests
the Dukes let not to tell:
What diuerse haps haue chaunst to him,
and all that earst befell
As well to him, as to the Realme,
he telles to him the state:
Of all the soyle, and Region:
besides he doth dilate.
What is agreed, by close consent,
of all the Scottish peares:
And then what lawes are ordained,
he beates into his eares.
Then how in youth he trapped was,
with traynes of Cupides might:
(He tels) and how vnhappie man,
he serude a scornefull wight.
Since when, (he saies,) how he hath lothd
such passions to sustaine:
The fruit wherof wil not (quoth he)
halfe counteruayle the payne.
Ariodant, with listing eare,
markes well this diuerse talke
And takes good hæde vnto his tale,
when lauish tounge doth walke.

But from his lippes do not procéde
the ſecretes of his hart:
Ne from his cloſe, and priuie mynd
no paſſed actes depart.
He countes it vilanie to tell,
that he could well declare:
And taught he was from infancie,
a walking tongue to ſpare.
Therfore vnto him ſelfe he kéepes,
that lodgeth in his mynde:
And ſtayes his mouth from breathing out
his thoughts vnto the wynde.
Wherwith the Duke, not well content,
but moued much with ire:
(Conſidring that it fell not out
as he did earſt deſire)
(With angry chære) Unkind (quoth he)
is this the curteſie
That you vnkind Italians,
requite for amitie.
How can thy greedy eares képe in,
ſuch ſtore of ſecrets tould:
Without imparting lyke for lyke,
and not for to vnfould.
Suche lefts as hidden lye in breſt,
which may content my mynd:
And eaſe perhappes a troubled head,
as therby friendes oft finde.
This ſaid, a ſtarde, with bluſhing face,
the ſtraunger as diſmayde:
With fired looke, and ſober chere,
vnto the Duke thus ſayd.

I trust my Lord your honour will
not so accompt (quoth he)
Othim that doth remayne as yours,
and is from falshood free.
For we that be of Italie,
and borne in foren lande:
Doo think it mearest vanitie,
and fond to take in hand.
To treat of that, that profit smal
redoundes to them that heare
The same, and most of all, in vayne,
that goulden tyme doth weare.
To hould your honor with such acts,
as I my youth did spend
In Italie (my natiue soyle)
to small effect would tende.
Sith both the land to you vnknown,
the deedes of such purporte:
As heard e iudgd, your self would say
doo not discerue report
And since my wandring feete did leue
the bounds of Italie,
No acte hath past from me that hath,
deserued memorie.
Therfore (wt pardon crauld my Lord)
I trust you will esteeme,
But well of this my silent tongue,
and rightly therof deeme.
(Quoth he) and then began the Duke
no, no, Ariodant,
Thy deedes are not so secret done,
ne yet my wittes so scant.

But well I can behould the thing,
that thou doest shunne to saie:
Both how thou hast and louest now,
the Prince Jenevora.
Thy oft resort vnto hir court,
discloseth thy intent:
Thy plesant lookes to her doo show,
thy wyll therto is bent.
But if thy reckles head had wayde,
my good wyll borne to thee:
Thou wuldst not once haue stickt to tell,
those secrets vnto mee.
Whose sage aduise perhaps mought moue,
thy mynde from that intent:
Which yelds in fine nought els but sighes,
and cares for tyme so spent.
Yet sith at first, my fansie had,
in thee so good thinking,
I will inforce my tounge to speake,
against my lustes lyking:
Know thou therfore, (Ariodant)
the Princesse hates thy loue,
And scornes that thou should so presume.
therto her grace to moue.
For though with smyling chere she doth,
reward thy curtesie:
Yet is her mynde most fardest from,
the lustes of Venorie.
Beleue well, Ariodant,
thy loue is euill imployde,
For I it is, whom she doth loue,
whose hart I haue inioyde.

Long time, of whom I may commaund,
what liſteth me to craue,
And eke obteyne what ſo I aſke,
as proued oft I haue.
And leaſt thy doughtfull head mought deem
vntroth in this my tale:
I wyll (to put thee out of dought)
this enterpryſe aſſaile:
That is, to bring the morow next,
from my Ienenora:
Thy Dyamond, thy gift to her
the ryngc (that men dee ſay)
In clearnes ſhames our Scottiſhe gemmes,
wherby, thou mayſt perceyue,
How well of thee, and of thy loue,
thy Lady doth conceyue.
This tale, no ſoner entred had
into the ſtraungers eare:
But therwithal a heape of thoughts,
within his minde appeare.
yet leaſt his chaunged countnance mou
bewray his ſecrete care:
And leaſt his ſtayed ſpeach mought ſhowe,
how he ny chokt doth fare:
with ſtrained voyce, & moued minde,
he firmly doth denie,
The point of his accuſing tale,
and profers for to die,
If euer so his mynd was bent,
or if he ſought to moue
At any tyme the Princes grace,
with his vnegall loue.

And

And as vnto his oft repayre,
vnto her graces Court:
Shows nought (quoth he) but youthful mynd
with Ladies for to sport.
As courtiers vse, (of lustie age,)
to weare the time away,
In daunce, in talke, in melodie,
and other chamber play.
But all for nought, Ariodant
his tounge & speach doth spend,
His vowes are vowed all in vayne,
the Duke hates to attende
Unto his long excusing tale,
and how he doth denie
The gift of that rich Diamond,
which he did late discrie.
Wherfore the Duke in hast departs,
and doth commaund beside,
His stæde for to be sadled straight,
for he post hast wyll ryde.
Thus leaues he poore Ariodant,
and he to court doth hie,
And (as he rydes) he studies how
this Ring he might come by.
At last, he doth record, how that
there serues the princes grace
A Ladie that Dalinda hight,
a mayde of Scottish race.
Who earst was proferd to the Duke
in lawfull mariage:
A sæmely wyght, a Lady fayre,
of noble parentage.

But

But he, nought forsed then the mayd
his hautie hart was bent:
With hier match, e greater sums,
his wil for to content.
To this forsaken Dame, this Duke
concludeth for to goe,
To craue, by profferd mariage,
the Dyamond also.
And as he ended had the thoughtes,
of this subtill minde:
He is arriued at the court,
where he doth seeke to finde
In secret wyse, this wayting mayde,
whome he at last hath founde
Disporting her, with Lute alone
low set vpon the ground.
Her he salutes as tyme did serue
and she requites againe
His courtesie, that done, the Duke
still mindfull of his payne:
Doth craue a word in secreat with
the Lady for to haue:
And she that least suspects disceite
doth graunt that he doth craue.
And then the Duke with sober chere,
vnlodes his charged mynde
Thus, to the listning maid that longs
to heare of newes by kynde.
To hould thee long mine own (qd he)
with painted tedious talk,
Or els, in glosing eloquence,
to straine my tounge to walke.

I ſpeke not now, but ſimply, I
the ſecretes of my hart:
As playne, as of a perfect truth,
to thee I wyll impart.
Thou knowſt (qd he) not long or this
thy faithfull friendes did moue,
(By reaſon good and great aduiſe)
me greatly to thy loue:
Thou knowſt (I think) alſo the cauſe
that for me not conſent:
I meane, thy welth and parentage,
could not my mynde content.
For I (as thou doeſt know right wel)
(without boſt be it ſpoke)
For noble lyne, and lyuing great,
mought match with Royall ſtocke.
But leauyng thus theſe lofty lettes
inforſt through hautie mynde:
And ſpeakyng to affections force,
that conquers all by kynde.
Know thou, ſince then recording oft,
thoſe vertuous giftes of thyne:
And eke thy beutie great, which doth
excell before myne eyne:
Forgettinge eke, the cauſes all,
of that my former faye:
And callyng now vnto my mynde,
thy worthy shape, I saye.
I am as ready now to yelde,
vnto the frendes deſire:
As they to gayne my graunt, or this,
were willyng to require.

And

And ſith, it is vnknown to me,
which way thy wyll is bent:
And eke for proufe how willingly,
thou doeſt therto conſent:
If thou wilt not deny me that,
which I of thee will craue:
which thou at eaſe maiſt graunt, I ſaie,
no greater proufe to haue.
That is, when our Ienecora,
in bed doth take her reſt:
And when the ſlumbryng ſleape doth rule,
within her quiet breſt:
To helpe me to the Dyamond
which ſhe eſteemes ſo wel.
(I meane) the ſtraungers ryng that doth,
in clearnes ſo excell.
If this to dw, thou wilt not let,
by knighthods lore (I ſweare)
To wed thee as my lawfull wife,
and I to dye thy feare.
He ſayd, and endeth ſo his tale,
and ſhe (when long in muſe
Had ſtayde) in pleaſant wiſe theſe wordes
or lyke them thus did vſe.
If this proceede, my Lord (qd ſhe)
from bounds of ſpotles mynde,
And if your proferd curteſie,
agree to noble kinde:
If that the ſecrets of your hart,
be voyde of hidden guyle:
And deepe deceit in this your tale,
be fardeſt in exile.

Though

Though dutie bidoes me staie to graunt,
vnto your hastie will:
And reason sayes, with honour I
cannot your heste fulfill:
Yet to perswade your honour, that
I prest am to obey:
To what so listeth you demaund
I will without delay,
Inforse my selfe against the groūds,
of bounden duties lore:
To helpe you to th' Dyamond,
or els to die therfore.
Tyll then a whyle my Lord (qd she)
staie you at this selfe place,
And I will to Jeneuora,
and wayte before her grace,
Till that to sleape she geues hir selfe,
and then I will againe
Repaire to you, with Diamond,
if here you will remayne.
The Duke agrees to her deuise,
and (with a ioyfull hart:)
Doth yelde to hir a thousand thanks:
Dalinda doth depart,
and leaues the Duke wel eas'd of care
and now in perfect blisse:
Because he hopes the straūger will,
dispayre at sight of this.
The quiet tyme that nature yeldes,
vnto the loden mynd
Is come, and now the weary bones,
a resting place do finde.

Jeneuora

Ieneuora, (when bankettes all,
and reuell routes weare done)
Repayres vnto her quiet bedde,
and watching crewe doth shunne.
Dalinda waites on her this night,
of purpose to obtaine
The Diamond, which nightly did
on chamber boorde remayne.
Ieneuora no sooner had
on pillow coucht her head:
But King Dalinda fingerd hath,
of Diamond she is spead:
And (duty done) the lately couch,
she leaueth for that night:
And to Duke Polinesse then,
she guydes her faste aright.
Who found in place appointed, she
presentes before his eyes.
The Iem, t herwithall, these woords
she spendeth in this wyse.
As, to content your doughtfull mind
my might I haue imployde:
And as in you my honour staies,
which earst my self inioyde.
So let me finde (my Lord) agayne,
in gage of willing hart:
Like deeds vnto those volwed woords,
which late from you did part.
She sayd, and then, the Duke replies
thus to her iust request.
Or els (qd. he) thou God graunt that
no life lodge in my brest.

In signe wherof, hold here (quoth he)
and so they ioyned handes:
Let this conclude till fitter time
the yoke of wedded bandes.
Thus he departs, with promise made
before the breake of day:
To yeld againe the Dyamond,
no let at all should staye.
Now is the Duke returned safe,
vnto his heauy gest:
Who long hath lurkt on weary bed,
bereud of former rest.
So much this late vnlookt for tale,
dismayes his quiet hart:
That now well nye he fées les againe,
her former woe and smart.
The Duke no sooner leaues his stéed
but to Ariodant
He hies: that seemes to be a sleape,
though ease in head is scant.
And with a pleasant voyce he sayes,
what sluggard how, awake:
Thou dreamst to lōg: frō closed eyes
the misty sleape of shake.
With that, the straunger (as gest)
doth cast his heauy head:
Aloft, and start well nye from out,
his tost and tomled bed.
And therwithal, what newes (qd he)
who calles me thus in hast:
How fares my lord ẏ Duke his grace
and then his armes he caste.

Out

Out of the bed, in mynde to ryse,
but then Duke Polinesse
Gan name him self, and thus to him
these wordes he did expresse.
Let not my hasty call, moist
thy head late eas of care:
Me think no harm, in that (quoth he)
thus boldly I do fare.
For as I haue bene grief to thée
by breaking of thy sleape:
So may I profit bring to thée,
if thou good hæde wilt keape.
Unto this tale, which from the hart
of him, that wisheth well:
To thée procéedes that found out
thy present cares terpell.
I trust thou doughtest not (quoth he)
of this my zealous minde:
Which since our first acquaintaunce, hath
to helpe thée ben inclinde.
Since when thou knowst, by long discours,
what talke hath past from mée:
As touching these affections fond,
which I conceiud in thée.
At which self time, though thou did scorne,
to tell me what I knew:
Yet did I friendly promise thée,
to helpe thée to eschewe.
Those happes, to bring from court with me
thy famous Diamond:
Whose match cannot compared be
in this our Scottish ground.

Therby, that thou moughtst plainly sée,
what loue in Ladies lookes:
And that in time thou moughst be taught,
to shun their hidden hookes.
To quite my self to thee, therfore,
of faithfull promise made:
And of my troth vnfaind to thée,
thy mynd for to perswade.
See heere (& therwith showd the Ring
which he in purse did beare)
Beleue thy selfe, not me, if that
thy Lady houldes the deare.
Whē al was said, & Ring was showd
and Duke had done his fill:
For to perswade Ariodant,
to bridell reckles will.
When in a muse the straunger had,
a little whyle remaynde:
Set straight vpon his quiet bed,
him selfe to speake thus strainde.
The curtesie which I haue found
in this your graces court:
Hath bounde me till my fatall day,
(my Lord) for to report.
Immortall prayses of your grace,
to whom I doo account:
My selfe as farre indeeted to,
as my rude head can count.
And sith eche way. I see my self,
vnable to requite:
your least and smalest benefite,
(the more my griefe and spite)

Yet count me as your own (qd.he)
your vaſſall to commaund:
As one whoſe life, & goods are yours
till death his due demaund.
My duty, thus acknowledged,
let theſe replie vnto:
your graces tale, which in my mynd
I well haue wayd alſo.
I doo record right well, (my Lord)
the ſumme of all (quoth he)
As of the Princes grace, what talke
paſt then twixt you and me.
I mindfull am beſides, what I
ſpake in myne owne defence:
What oths paſt eke frõ me to proue
my troth, or you went hence.
But that culd not ſuffice your mynd
ne change your wrong intent:
But nœds you would (the rather to
inforce me to conſent.
To that my giltles conſcience lothd)
to court in haſt to hye:
To bring from thence, a Diamond,
which, then the ſaid, that I.
Did geue vnto Iencura,
therby that I mought ſee
What good accoũt of you ſhe makes,
and how ſhe deales with me.
This was the very talke it ſelf,
except I doo forget:
The ſum of that within mine cares,
is ringing ſtill as yet.

To which, more the I answerd earst
I cannot now replie:
But as I sayd, so I protest
the same not to denie.
And as vnto the remnant of
your last pronounced tale:
This shall suffice, if in your hart,
my truth may ought auayle.
Know you, (my Lord) I do confesse,
the Princes scorneth mee:
For why, a simple courtier I,
and meanest in degree.
Not worthy to be thought vpon,
in Princes hauty court:
Whose birth vnknown, doth rather seeke
with meaner match to sport.
And as I do confesse the one,
so firmely I denie:
That earst I neuer sawe this gemme,
that thus shines in myne eye.
Nor neuer gaue the like to her,
as I am subiect true:
Vnto my liege and soueraigne,
and owe him seruice due.
Thus I conclude, in hope also,
as I haue plainly tolde:
The hidden secrets of my hart,
and as I haue vnfould.
Nought els but truth, as you may trie,
in time to come right well:
That so you will from doubtfull myndes,
such straunge conceites expell.

The

The Duke, (that heares with grief the ende
of this late coyned tale)
Amazed ſtands, ſith his intent,
no better did preuaile.
Yet minds he, ſith the ſtraunger was
to him but as a geſt:
Not ferder to examine him,
but for to let it reſt.
Till that at fitter time, he may
a better way inuent:
For to annoy Ariodant,
and eke him ſelfe content.
And, therwithall, would God (qd he)
I wiſh for thy behoue:
That as thou ſaiſt, ſo tract of time,
the truth herein may proue.
And parting thẽce, good night (qd he)
take now thy quiet reſt:
And to your grace, god graunt (qd he)
ſuch eaſe as likes you beſt.
Thus is Duke Polinello come,
vnto his chamber, where
Vnto a ſecrete friend of his
he geues the ring, to beare.
Vnto his friend Dalinda, leaſt,
the Diamond ſhuld be wanting:
And ſo preuent his purpoſe, and
turne to her great vndoing.
Poſt haſt, therfore this meſſenger,
is prekt with Diamond
To court, who at the laſt, by happe
Dalinda hath out found.

To whom, (with thousand thankes) he geues
the gleaming gem again:
From Polinello (mighty Duke)
that doth her friend remayne.
Thus leaue I him that ended hath
his message in his best wise:
And now vnto Ariodant,
I will my stile deuise.
When Polinello vttred had,
that lurked in his brest:
And showed had the Diamond,
vnto his heauy gest.
When gon he was out of the sight,
of poore Ariodant:
Who in his new disquiet mynde
ould corsies did not want.
Then, gins the straunger to record,
the ring which he did see:
And fear doth make him think besids
that ring the same to bee.
Which he did geue Ieneuora,
wherfore through euery part:
Of his distempered limmes, procéede
an ake, and deadly smart.
From head, and hart, doth passe also
a could, and lothsome sweat:
And temples both, and pulses two,
refuse their liuely heate.
His heare right vp, his eyes do stare,
his teth he ioyneth fast:
Wich like a man distraught of wits,
and holsome reason past.

Home

Sometimes, (for lacke of breath) he lies
bereaud of liuely spyghtes:
And in his rage, lyke frantike man,
his careful head he smyghtes.
And when his fittes be of least force,
then with a panting hart:
Unto himselfe in secret wyse,
these words he doth impart.
Oh deepe deceit, oh hidden guile,
oh falshood furie fell,
Oh cruell spight, condemned be
thy ghost to lothsome hell:
That so canst fawn on simple wight
with pleasant smilyng cheere,
And with a hart inuenemed,
to kyll that houlds the deare.
Oh wretch, I skorne the present ioy
and eke thy Princely state:
And happy thrise wer these my eyes.
to see thy latest fate.
Consumed be thy cheerfull health,
and sicknes scale thy corse:
Let sadnes, from eche part of thée,
all pleasure quite deuorse.
Conuerted be the cristall hewe,
to foulest colour vyle:
And all diseases rule in thée,
when health is in exile.
For thou (oh careles wretch) hast forst
my limmes that lyude in ioy)
To taste the most vnquiet rest,
that any can anoye.

And as he would haue furder ſaid,
from ſtringes of ſwelled hart:
A deadly grone proceedes, and eke
moſt ſcorning ſobbes depart.
And therwithall, oh death (quoth he)
wreake on my corſe thy will,
Aſunder ſheare my vitall thread:
oh Atropos now kill.
The moſt vnhappieſt creature,
that treades on ſinfull ſoyle:
And you oh ſiſters cut the thread,
and eaſe me of this toyle.
Thus whilſt he waies ẏ brightnes of
this goodly Diamond:
(Diſpairing wiſe) intcatiue feare
doth nye his wittes confound.
But when he doth call vnto mynde,
what friendly aces haue paſt,
Twixt him and his Geneuora,
he calles his wittes at laſt.
To him, and then, his lanuiſh tounge
he ginnes for to reproue:
And ſaies, ẏ nought but tride diſceit,
ſhould faithfull friendes ſo moue.
And then he gan to deught beſide,
if that ſame weare the ring:
That earſt was his, which Polineſſe
from court with him did bring.
For though report, did blaſe (qd he)
my gem to be the beſt:
Yet may an other be as good,
though ſecretly it reſt.

And

And dayly proufe, doth teach vs eke,
where Princes fantie frame:
There goes away the victory,
and gayne of greatest name.
And though it were the ring it self,
that I did late enioye:
yet till I know more perfect proufe,
it shall me not annoy.
For how can such assured signes
of lasting amitie;
Be ioynd with crabbed craftines
and with such subtiltie.
Did not her letter show to me,
a louers true intent?
Did not the passion of her mynde
to faithfull lynes consent?
Did she not vow (with drowned eies)
she lothed filthy guyle?
And did she not perswade me eke,
to shunne such treason vyle?
Could this proceed frō double mynd
could heauenly shape inuent:
Such termes of truth, & afterwards
to such disceit consent?
Can she, that since her infancie,
was traind in Princely court,
(Wher wisdoms lore, & prudēce skil,
is vsed for disport)
Beare in her hart such fayned truth,
and vse such subtill witte?
Or els vpon well meaning wight,
such spightfull hatred spitte

Can

Can craftines finde harborow,
within so goodly shape?
When nature scrude so worthy corpse
could truth from her escape?
Can double dealing lodge within
so worthy creature?
Who for her passing comelynes
gaines lasting lyfe tinbure?
No, no, I do abandon now
my former fonde conceit,
And eke the sparkes of black dispaire
I will extinguishe strayt:
For tyll those eyes do plainely sée,
or els those eares do heare,
Disdainful lookes, or scornful words
such fittes shall not me deare.
Tyll then, (though some presuming
there be of fained loue)
From chosen choyse, t harts desire,
no passion shall me moue.
By this, the blustring blast is blown
that so amazd the mynde:
And Delus from Orient seas,
doth breath a pleasant winde.
The darksome clouds are drowned now,
that trobled earst the ayre:
And hope with beames of ioyful light,
turnes stormes, to wether fayre.
But Ieape that doth disdaine to sée
an other, to possesse
The place which he by right should kéepe)
doth séeke for to redresse.

This

This iniurie, and calles forth with,
his mates in his affayres,
That drowsy dreame, & slumber sad,
and with his friendly prayers,
Doth craue his aide, with forced might,
to yelde to him againe:
The place which he by right should haue,
which others now do gayne.
Ther with ould Slumber gan imploy,
with careful mynd his might:
To conquer Hope or els to dye,
himselfe amidst the fight.
And with his Ingin he doth scale
the fort but meanly mande:
And through the wall doth make a way,
for to conduct his bande.
This seene, poore Hope, (as vanquisht man)
not able to defende
Him from the whyrling dartes, that Sléepe
about his eares doth sende:
Doth yelde himselfe condicionally,
that nert to Slumber, hée
Within his battered castell, may
be second in degrée.
The conquerour doth graunt here to
poore Hope is peakte away:
And now doth Dreame amidst the preasse,
his drowsie part well playe.
But Night that is the generall
of all this sluggish crewe,
Gan from the farthest Orient ecast,
the morning playnly vewe.

Then

Then (least he should to long abide)
he sends the Herault out:
(The Dule) ỳ with her croked trump
cries Retreat to the rout.
Wherby, the armie leaues the land,
and flittes to Leathian seas:
Wher they abide till Night againe,
shall yeld them former ease.
The cocke (Auroras messenger)
sends forth from stretched throte:
With flickring wings, & rousd lym
his cherefull mornings note.
Pope hears this sound, & thē he know
his foe is fledde away:
Wherfore within his secret caue,
no longer he can stay.
But to his former crased fort,
with hastie spote he plies:
Wher entring in, Ariodant,
doth lie before his eyes.
Who was one of his souldiers, when
that sleape did geue the foyle,
And taken eke a prisoner,
as he for Pope did toyle.
But, by good hap, no harme he had,
saue only in his head:
A litteli scarre, of fond dispayre,
that drousie Dreame had made.
Him, Pope doth comfort as he can,
and with a lustie cheare:
Noharme, (qd he) dismay thē not,
discharge this filthy feare.

Herewith

Herewith, the ſely craſed man
doth leaue his eaſie bed:
And hath concluded ſecreatly,
(within his vexed head.)
To leaue the Duke, and to returne
vnto the court againe:
Leaſt by his ſtill abiding there,
the Duke mought take a meane
To ſearche of him the truth herein,
which, though he loth to ſhowe:
yet mought ſuch wordes proceed vnwares
as therby harme mought growe.
Wherfore. when Duke of Albany
had left his chambers reſt:
Ariodant, (with bowed knée,
gan of his grace requeſt.
For to depart, his licenſe, and
his fauour for to haue:
And he, (though with vnwilling mind)
doth graunt that he doth craue.
Thus leaues the ſtraunger Polinette
and he with ſpéed, to court
Doth plie againe for to renewe,
his fourmer ioye and ſpourt.
yet can he not (by any meanes)
the ſight of ſhowed ring
Forget, though hope with pleaſant wordes,
good ſignes of ioye doth bring.
By this, he is arryde amongſt
the crewe of Courtiers ſtout:
That ioye to ſée him ſafe returnde
among that luſty rought.

His

His brother eke Lurcanio,
(inforst by course of kynde)
Doth welcome home Ariodant,
with ioyfull pleasant mynde:
And of such iestes as happened,
since he did leaue the court:
Unto his brothers lustinge eares,
he makes along report.
But he, (this carefull louer) that
is ny caught with dispayre,
Doth somon all his wittes at once,
to helpe in this affayre.
And sith vpon two fickell pointes,
his present state dependes:
To take aduise or be beginnes,
his wyly head intendes.
I Nede not now for to recount,
what guyle Duke polynesse
Did vse, with Princes Dyamond,
tannoy his bidden gesse.
Nor howe he faild of his intent,
ne of the diuerse talke,
That now from Polinesses lippes,
and now from straungers walke.
but al you know (my Lords) how y
Ariodant did feare,
That this was the selfe Dyamond,
he gaue his Ladie deare.
which fere, so tost his troubled brain
that as a man forlorne,
He shuns eche youthfull companie
and life he had in scorne.

To

To ease these fittes, two only wayes
this carefull louer spies:
Wherof, (as present state did craue)
he gan this to deuise.
Firstly, thinks he, if with my pen
I causles should accuse:
Or els in presence, by complaint,
I blameles should abuse.
The Princes grace, to whom I muste
accombt me chiefly bound:
Whose zelous mynd, (except I faile)
I faithfull oft haue found.
If that I should once moue (I say)
these doughtfull thoughts of myne:
Under her grace, by letters sent,
or els before her eyne.
For to accuse her troth, vnknowne,
then let vs se the ende:
Hereof, and to what passe,
our taunting tale would tend.
At first, (as well she mought in deede)
she should bestow on me,
Of fond suspecting louers name:
and most vntrue to be.
That at the sight of euery toye
would take occasion:
To blame her troth, and eke to liue
in vile suspicion.
Then after that, for to withdrawe
her loue so euell employd:
And eke repent that such an one,
so long hath it enioyd.

Which if these eies should once behold
these hands with bloudie knife
Should take reuenge vpon my tongue
by ridding of my lyfe.
And if she graunt (as vile dispayre
perswades me for to deeme)
I mean, that she doth loue this Duke
and euell of me esteeme.
If this she say, what then tell me,
whats then our remedy?
In faith by forfles, bane, or cord,
to die in misery.
Againe, if to my self I should,
these secrets sole impart:
Lettes see if this may change our fits
or els our cares conuert.
This charge (quoth he) to make the salue
that cures the burning wounde:
Tallwage the humors cold, that doth
the patient eye confounde.
As hard it is to ease the wight,
with freting furious meat:
Whom feuers force continually,
to pining bones doth eate.
So hard it is, that silence which
augments my misery:
Should salue ỹ sore, which nothing els
but talke can remedy:
For sor, as belching poyson broyles,
within the panting brest:
And scorching heat, conuerts ỹ helth,
to most vnquiet rest.

So do the cares of vered mynd,
consume the crased hart:
Till by disclosing of his griefe,
he findes to ease his smart.
But if (as this my case doth stand)
bewraying bringeth death:
I weare better thus to proue the end
then for to wast my breath.
They say, that cosly ministred,
vnto them poysoned cose:
Will cole the fearse contagious heat
and quench the burning force.
Why may not thē the troubled mind
by silent tongue annoy:
That health, which silence banisheth,
and doth the hart enioy.
For if my doubtes be false indéd
and she doth loue me still:
What then but silence can preuayle,
and bridell lauish will.
And if she vse me for disport,
and scornes my profered loue:
The knowledge of the troth therin,
a desperate death doth moue.
Wherfore, if yet my loue cannot
within her hart prevayle:
yet silence, truth, and trast of time,
hereafter may auayle.
Wherfore as reason seimes to agrée
vnto a secret hart:
So from these lips, those leud cōceits
I mynd shall not depart.

But, as before the newes I hard,
so now amidst the crewe:
Of courtly dames, my wonted sports
I will forthwith renewe.
This last deuise thus ended hath
his argumentes eche one:
He lykes no longer to consult,
in hast he is forth gone.
The Princes court, wher no man is
more welcomer then he:
As well vnto Ieneura
as to the Ladies free.
And ther, (like to his wonted guile)
he dayly doth discourse:
Of historyes: or riddels els
he learnes to tel by course.
Thus leaue I him that showes a face
of perfect blisse and ioye:
Though now & then amidst disportes
dispayre doth him annoy.
And to the Duke I must agayne
my solem verse returne:
That seeks (vnhappy man) eche way,
to cause the straunger mourne.
THough Polinesso wel had wayde,
vnto what small effect:
His former fond, and lewd deuise,
by yll luck was direct.
Though he perceiued how contrary
eche point therof did proue:
And that no sight of gem, ne talke,
could ought the straunger moue,

yet

Yet could he not slack lenger time,
(inforst by ielousie)
But nœds he must deuise of newe,
some other policie.
Wherfore, when that Ariodant
was gone vnto the court:
He leaues his home, and thether to,
in hast he doth, resort:
Wher like vnto his former wont,
he fœdes his doting eye
With Princes lookes, & takes therat
a great felicitie.
And she agayn, (that knew right wel
the skill of curtesie.)
Doth friendly intertaine the Duke
into her company.
But furdest from her honest hart,
(I dare avowe) was loue:
To him whose grauer yœres, should shunne
such youthfull toyes to moue.
This aged amorous syre (I say)
thus caught in Cupides net:
Cannot digest this ielousie,
which he in straunger set.
But rather by the oft repayre,
of yonge Ariodant:
New coals ar put to burning flames,
that fire did not want.
Therfore whē grief had long oppressed
this careful Duke his mynde:
In counsell to Ariodant,
he thus doth spend his wynde.

If that (quoth he) Ariodant,
I thought my woꝛds would take,
Woꝛe ſurer ground within thy mind
then when I laſtly ſpake
To thee, of this Ieneuoꝛa,
I would once moꝛe aſſay,
To turn thy youthful head from that
that woꝛkes thy nowne decay.
I ſee with ſighes, & mark with mone
(foꝛ ſo doth friendſhip moue)
That nether talke, ne ſight of ring
can chaunge thee from this loue.
I ſee, I ſee Ariodant,
thou haſt to good conceit,
And doſt ſelf will to much inhꝛaſe
that woꝛkes thine owne diſceit,
I ſee, how lightly thou regardſt,
that I could late to thee:
I ſee thou ſcoꝛnſt my ſage aduiſe
and takſt me falſe to be.
Els wouldſt thou not ſo ſodenlie
foꝛget that mought haue taught
Thy ſkilles youth, to ſhun the bayte
that hath thee captiue caught.
But ſith thus farre I haue aſſaid
to moue thee to beleue:
That neither gifts, ne lookes, ne talk
can ought thy Lady meue.
I will, (to quite my ſelf of troth
faith vnfaind to thee)
Once moꝛe attempt a greter charge
then thou befoꝛe didſt ſee.

Then

Thou knowſt, at court within theſe dayes
is kept a ſolom feaſt:
When eche to honour more to fame
with braueſt geare are dreſt.
Then will the Princes decked bee
with Robes of ſhining golo:
And none ſo rich as ſhe that day,
ne goodlier to beholo.
If then twixt nine, and ten at night,
thou wilt repayre with mee:
Unto a ſecret place, when I
a ſigne ſhall geue to thee.
Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee Jenebra,
and me Duke Polineſſe
Imbracing eche, and eithers corpſe
in others armes to preſſe.
So that at ſight hereof thou wilt,
geue place vnto my loue:
And leaue theſe fickell fantaſies
that youthfulneſſe doth moue.
The Duke thus ſtaies his filed tongue,
and then Ariodant
This anſwere made vnto his tale,
that ſoſt ſenſes want.
Shew this (my Lord) e then (qo he)
I yeld to your deſire:
As one that is at your commaund,
to what you liſt require.
Lo here my hand: (qo Polineſſe)
I ſweare by this my Grace,
To ſhow thee what I promiſed,
at ſetted time and place:

But as to eaſe thée of thy griefe,
I doo that reaſon nould:
So as thou art a gentilman,
doo not my tale vnfould.
The ſtraũger graũts, & bows therto
and thus they two depart:
Ariodant to chamber cloſe,
and Duke as likes his hart.
But whẽ this thriſe vnhappy wight
this carefull wretched man:
Was come vnto his mourning den,
he doth begin to ſcan.
Vpon this falſe and forged tale,
and deſpratly doth teare:
His trembling fleſh, & rendes all that
that he that day did weare.
His head he ſmites with bended fiſt,
his fæte he ſtampes on ground,
His holow ſighes, & groning ſobbes,
from hart to ſkies reſound.
Now groueling on the ground he crawles,
and ſcrapeth with his nayles
The earth, and now againe him ſelfe
his haſty hand aſſailes.
Now choakt wt griefe, he ſpecheles lies
as one bereud of breth:
And now to ende this furious fittes,
he cries thus after death.
Oh death (quoth he) the ende of cares
if euer thou didſt graunt
Vnto a wofull wretches will,
that waylings doth not want.

If euer thou didſt yelde vnto,
a haples myſers heſt,
Or if vnto the verie corſe,
thou euer yeldeſt reſt:
graunt now to me (vnhappieſt ſlaue)
whoſe panges of pining payne,
Is more then natures kyndly courſe
can brooke or els ſuſteine:
A fatall puſh at laſt for all,
and ende oh death this care,
Diſpatch this lothſome lingryng life
geue me this only ſhare,
With fatal dart, (oh gentill death,)
let liuely bloud depart
By ſtreames, out of this carcas vile
and ſlyſe this trembling hart.
Thou dolefull bel ring out at laſt,
my laſt deperting knil:
Or lyuing els cloſe me in graue,
my mouth with earth do fill.
But vnto her, that cauſer is
of this my mortall ſtrife:
Oh death geue crooked aged limmes,
with lothſome lingring lyfe.
For ſhe it was, that ſtraunged me
from pleaſant Italy:
And forſt me like a banicht wight,
to lyue in ſtraunge countrie.
She, ſhe, bereud from me my bliſſe,
ſhe brought to me this care,
She hath reſtraynd from me my ioy,
and caught me in the ſnare.

Her smiling lookes, her frendly stile,
and eke her bowed truth:
Hath brought me in this misery,
alas the more my ruth.
Oh hart more hard than Adamant,
oh false dissembling tongue,
Oh painted face, (whose worthinesse
fame so far of hath sunge)
False Greseids grin, be thy reward,
that art more false then she:
And worthier a thousand fould,
a Leper for to be,
My carefull head cannot devise,
lyke plagues for thy desert:
Ne yet my tongue declare the halfe,
of thy deserued smart.
When first, these wretches eyes of myne
did see that craftie corse:
And when this head did so believe,
thy lines of faithles force.
Would God this hand, had pearst this hart,
with carving bloudie knife:
Or els that Lions tearing iawes
had rid me of my life.
O haples wretch Ariodant
that by the heauens consent,
Hast wrought thyne own unhappines,
through lothsome loues torment.
O abiect slaue, whose fortune is
to fall into her hand:
That neither knows her self, ne yet
a friend doth vnderstand.

Thine

Thrise happy hadst thou ben, when that
to loue thou ganest thy mynde:
That nature had closd vp thyne eares,
and that thou hadst ben blinde.
But oh what gaynes this lauish talke?
what profittes wish, and would:
When iudge, vpon condemned wight,
hath dreadfull sentence tould?
Dispatch therfore, thou dastard slaue,
geue ende vnto thy care:
Play murderer, with stabbing knife,
the vaines a sunder share.
What, doest thou loye in miserie,
that fearefull hand doth stay?
Or knowest thou any remedy,
to banquish death away?
Doth any hope remayne as yet
to comfort thee with all?
Doth any sparke of blisse appeare,
that may to thee befall?
Hast thou not hard thine own decay,
and lacks ther ought but sight:
And canst thou liue for to behould,
that foule and filthy spight?
Thou doughst belike deceitfulnes,
in Polineſtos talke?
Who so, as his willing hart did wish,
thou thinkst his tongue did walke.
To ease thy beauy mynde therin
content I am to stay:
But that once seene prepare thy self,
for sight of Dismall day.

And

And with a grisly grone he endes,
his carefull heauy plaint:
And scorching sighes, & deadly sobbes
do forse his members faint:
And ouercome with griefe of mynd,
his wery limmes haue founde
A slumbring sleape, wherin he lies,
as caught in mortall sound.
Thus leaue I this Ariodant,
vpon his carefull bed:
Amidst a heape of dreadful dreames,
that swarme in vered head.
And once agayne vnto this Duke,
(this false periured man)
I must returne to blase againe,
his treason as I canne.
Therfore when false dissemblyng Duke,
had eas'd his swelled minde:
By belching out these carefull newes,
and vouched othes, to blynde
The more, this true dispairyng wight:
he byddes him then adewe,
And trackes no tyme, ne lettes aught slippe,
his purpose to pursue.
Wherfore the euen before the feast,
Dalinda he ought spies:
And thus amidst his other talke,
this tale he gan deuise.
As ioyfull newes as euer came
to thee Dalinda earst,
Or gladder farre then euer yet,
thy listning eares haue pearst.

I will impert to thee my nowne
and chiefest faithfull friend)
With whome, the rest of this my lyfe,
in wedlocke I will spend.
Leaue of therfore, those musing dumps,
that trouble so thy minde:
And to my happy tale se that,
thy open eares be inclinde.
Thou long hast sene with griefe (I know)
what signes of loue haue past,
Betwirt thy Ladie mistres, and
twirt me thy friend (at last,)
Thou knowst, how long I suid, and serud,
her grace for to obteyne:
And eke thou knowst how loyall I,
all that time did remayne,
Thou knowst (myne own) that only was,
the chiefest cause that I
So slenderly requited thee,
and thy great curtesie.
But see, as fonde affections force,
and signes of semly grace,
As bewties beames, allotted me,
to serue that froward face:
So now (at last) that coyetishnes,
and her disdainfull mynde,
Hath turnd my hart intrapped long,
that bewtie so dyd blynde
To lothsomnes, and lyke disdayne,
and now I am as free,
(Thank God) as when indifferent eye
did egally eche see.

Wherfore

Wherfore, in signe of this dispite,
and of more careles hart:
What in my mynde I haue deuisd,
to thee I will impart.
Thou knowst (qd he) ther is in court
a row of houses ould:
That wast do lie, vnoccupide,
vnable scarse to hould.
Them selues a left vpon the ground
a place of no repayre:
Except with dogges, or vermyn vyle
or els with fowles of thayre.
Against these rotten walles ther is,
(as thou right well dost know)
Imbosted ought from ioyned frame,
a stately bay window.
Which is as voyd as is the rest,
a lodging fit for none:
At that self place, I haue deuisde
that thou thy self alone:
About the houre of ten at night
shall mete thy Polinesse:
To morow drest with princes roabes
and eke thy self shalt dresse.
With glistring cals and iuels rich,
with those she ware that day:
Wher I in steyne of princes will
with thee Dalinda play.
And eke imbrase thy worthy corpse,
as deare to me as lyfe:
Of whom (as sone as time shal serue)
I mynde to make my wife.

This

This is the effect of my deuise,
this is the himme and all:
Of that which bringeth libertie,
to thee that now art thrall.
For here in court thou subiect art,
to beck and to obey:
Wher next to me in Albany
thou chief shalt beare the sway.
Therfore if sparke of faithfulnes
lodge in thy gentell brest:
If euer yet to pleasure me,
thy friendship hath ben prest.
Fayle not with corded ladder and
with Princes braue attire,
At that same place and at that time,
to yeld to my desire.
Said crafty Duke, & therwith staies,
his false deceitfull tongue:
The sting wherof, so feruenly
hath our Dalinda stung.
And eke that vile ambition,
hath so infect the mayde:
That presently she yeldeth to,
all that before he sayd.
Thus hath the Duke, (as hart would wish)
performd his enterprise:
And finisht hath his false request
as he coold best deuise:
And now vnto his careles couch
with easd mind he hies:
And lieth til the golden globe,
doth driue night from his eyes.

The irksome shade, that so annoyes
the heavy pensiue wight,
Forsakes the skies, & morning now
hath banisht drousy night.
The ioyfull daye doth show his face,
the gromes no lenger lye,
But to performe his charge, eth one
with carefull mynde doth plie.
The massie roabes for princes grace
from wardrobe are out brought:
The borders braue of gouldsmithes craft,
with stone and pearle I wrought:
The Iueler deliuers to
the Ladies of the court,
with tablet, cheine, & brasletes dekt,
with stones of diuerse sorte.
With those the careful ladies dresse,
Ieneuora that day,
That rather seemes of heauenly mould,
then of dame natures clay.
thus dresst, this pæreles princes plies
for to persourme hir rights,
To chapel, well accompanied
with rought of Scottish knights.
There all the morning she doth spend
as temples hestes require,
And prayers sayde, to court againe
the Princes doth retire.
But what needes longer stay herein,
what boteth to report.
The dayntie cates, serud in that day,
and of the diuerse sort.

As

As well of pleasant Bacchus cups,
as Ceres dainty dish:
And of the dulcet musickes skill
as swæt as care would wish.
Sith far from blis my stile is changd
this day hath causd that care:
That neither head can well deuise
ne pen can well declare.
Therfore let courtiers ioy in court
and geue me leaue a while,
To write of hopeles wretches haps,
whom treason did beguile.
The setted time by Polinesse
approcheth on a pace:
when straũger shuld behold ẏ Duke
the Princes to imbrace.
Wherfore as one not well assurd
of Scottish faithfulnes:
Ne certain that the Duke did meane
as late he did expresse.
Least that (I say) in some dark place
he had imbusht a crewe:
Of traytors to inuyron him,
when he this sight should vewe.
He comes vnto his brother then,
whose might he knew right well,
Would succour him assuredly,
if any then would mell.
whose company he craues that night
when he should see him go:
With Polinesse, and that he would
bring swœrd with him also.

Lurcanio, whose lyfe and death,
his brother mought commaund
With willing mynd consents vnto
Ariodants demaund.
Duke Polineſſe, not careles of
thappointed houre and time:
(which now is come) when ſ I ſhuld
performe his filthy cryme.
Comes to this moſt vnhappy man,
and bidds him folow fast:
If that he liſt to ſée the thing.
whereof he tould him last.
Ariodant that long had layd
to ſée the carefull ende:
Obeys the Duke, and after them
Lurcanio doth wend.
To deſert houſes they are come
the Duke hath brought his mate
Vnto a place direct against
the window which of late
I tould you of, wher (Princes lyke)
Dalinda should appeare:
before ſ Duke, dect with thoſe robes
their Prince that day did weare.
Ariodant thus placte, the Duke
doth bid him cast his eye
Vpon that window, wher (quoth he)
thou shalt thy Lady spy.
Lurcanio that longs to ſée
the ſequell of this ieſt:
Is come within ten fæte whereas
Ariodant doth reſt.

Wher he vnsæne may vew likewise
that window at his will:
Ther secretly the straunger standes,
that doughtes some present ill.
Duke Polinesse, no sooner leaues
the penciue louers place:
But to thappointed window, he
directes his fæte apase.
Wher he had not remayned long,
but see, with glistring light
Of gould, Dalinda doth appeare
lyke angell to the sight.
and as the Duke had geuen in charge
so she in brauest wyse:
with shining robes, wt Diamonds set
that gleme before the eyes
Lyke burning torch in winter night
is come into this place:
Wher Polinesse like Judas doth
her scorned limmes imbrace.
And to the end, the straunger should
more perfectly behould:
His louing loyes, her kisses eke.
and how his armes do fould
Her griped wast he doth approch
as nere as windowe will
geue leaue to him, to straungers sight
that he mought vew his fill
Therof, & how she claspes her armes
about his stretched necke:
Whose store of kisses do declare,
her mynd voyd of suspect.

Lurcanio, whose glasing eyes
are not vnoccupied:
Vpon the winsow staring stands
wher he hath now espied
Ieneuora, (as he did deme)
because of Iuels bright:
And eke the golden roabes did shine
so liuely in his sight:
But for to know, who so did tosse
the Princes rich attyre:
His staring eyes and greedy lookes
by no meanes could aspire.
This sight, thus seene, Lurcanio
(accompting brothers health
As life, to him,) in secret wise
(vnknown) is come by stealth.
Wher most vnhappy louer stayes,
who seing all this ieste:
As man distraught, his rapiere he
in hastie hand hath preste.
And scorning lenger life, hath set
the hilts vpon the ground:
In minde by falling on the point
to carue his fatall wound.
And as he did on groming blade
his desperate body bend:
(Behold the mercie great of God)
his brother doth defend.
His trembling hart frō deadly pushe,
by holding in his armes
His falling brest, and that once done
he thus his brothers charmes.

What

What deulish act annoieth thus
thy head bereud of witte:
What desperate ioy hath taunted thée
what foule and lothsome fitte
Hath so beguile thy sences al,
that thus (vnhappy wight)
Thou sekst by this vntimely death
thy passions vile to quite.
In this the ende of all our toyle?
is this our trauels gayne?
Is lothsome death thy iust desert
and is an endles payne
A gwardon fit for me, (thinkst thou)
that leauing natiue soyle:
(Like banish slaue) shal liue in court,
consumd with cares tourmoyle
For losse of thée, whom as my life,
thou knowst I hould as deare?
And shall I liue to sée the day,
the heauie newes to beare.
Unto our carefull pensiue friendes,
that by his own consent:
Their wretched friend Ariodant,
his latest dayes hath spent?
Oh reckles friend of brothers life,
and could thy hart agrée:
To leaue thy brother destitute,
of friend in straunge countrée?
Or if thou hadst nowhit esteemd
thy faithfull brothers life:
Could Labies falshod force thée run,
on point of persing knife?

What sure hath inchanted (tell)
thy skill in wisedomes lore:
What madnes hath intoxicate
thy pleasant thoughtes so sore.
That neither losse or ioyfull lyfe
no feare of dampned ghost:
Can change my mynd frō this intent
(oh wretch of wretches most)
Can bewtie bleare thy wilfull eye
and forcy thee for to loue:
And cannot sight of foule deceit,
from amours force thee moue.
Can fansie frame that amittit
by sight of seemely grace:
Which present guile, and filthy fact,
by no meanes can displace?
And canst thou wreake such sharpe reuenge
vpon thy giltles hart:
And see her loue that is the ground
of this thy present smart?
Roote out (I say) such vgly thoughtes
from bounds or troubled minde:
And seke by reasons sweete aduise
some holsome salue to finde.
If eye did chuse a faithfull friend
and fansie did agree:
If hope intiste thy drowned hart,
to serue assuredly.
Let now to suer signes of hate,
let proufe of lyke disdayne:
Lodge scornefulnes in careles hart
for loue long vowde in vayne.

So shalt thou dryue these dreadfull pangues,
out from thy panting brest:
And to thyne owne Lurcanio,
bring lasting ioy and rest.
Sayd carefull soule Lurcanio,
vnto Ariodant:
That hath as many eares to heare,
as hath the Adamant.
So altred hath this sight his wittes
and eke his stayd intent:
That sage aduise was bootles geuen,
the sequell to preuent.
Yet lest his brother mought perceiue
his changeles will to die:
And least by striuing with his force,
he mought his purpose spie.
Though ouercome with mortal pangs
he mute and dombe doth stand:
(In signe of grace,) he puts his blade
into his brothers hand.
That don, from that vnhappy place
to chamber close they hie:
And (as the time of night did craue)
to bed they both do plie.
Lurcanio (in hope his woordes
had changd his brothers mynd)
(Nought doughting of the present ill)
a quiet sleape doth finde.
But he, surprisd with dreadful thoughts
with visage pale and wanne
In stead of sleape, in frantike mind
a thousand tymes doth banne.

The day which first gaue light to him
he curseth eke the feate
That in his sanste did geue,
to him his sucking meate,
As oft he bannes his damned eyes,
that so could mr their sight:
And eke his tongue ꝑ sude for grace,
of one so false a wight.
He curseth now his open eare
that so did marke her guyle:
And hastie hart that trusted so
her lippes so fraught with wile.
What should I say, both head, & hand,
and all he could inuent:
In stæd of blisse, and wishes good,
he doth with curse torment
So in this wise eche night is spent
and day renues agayne:
His wonted course, but night, ne day,
can chaunge this louers paine,
But still vpon some present death,
he gladly doth deuise:
As one that only findes that salue,
to ease his scorching cries.
Wherfore to driue suspition
the more from brothers brest:
He cloaks his care, and riseth when,
Lurcanio leaues his rest,
And finding then occasion
to leaue his companie:
He hies in hast by wilfull death
to ende his miserie.

As

As ſtroken hart, whoſe bleading wound,
declares a preſent death,
With reckles fæte climmes hill and dale,
whilſt he hath life and breath:
As greadie Beare, that is berevd,
(whileſt ſhe doth raunge for pray)
Of littell whelp, doth howle & roare,
and dreadfully doth bray:
As Turtel Doue that is beguild
of hoped faithfull mate,
In pining wyſe miſliking ſpendes,
hir tyme tyll lateſt fate:
So fares it with Ariodant,
this wretch full fraught with woe,
Whoſe trembling fæte no ſoner had
left pore Lurcanio:
But out vnknown to fields he hies,
and raunging here and there,
Like frantike man, now runs he faſt
and now (as caught with feare)
He cræping by ꝑ ground doth crawl
and now (like one agaſt)
He ſtaring ſtands not mouing ioynt
and now he hies as faſt.
But ſtyl vpon this tragedy,
vpon his letted part,
His beauie mynde, is occupide,
and eke his deſperat hart.
Wherfore, at laſt approching neare
vnto a Riuer dæpe:
He doth conclude his laſt deuiſe,
no lenger now to ſtæpe.

But calling to a traueler
that then paſt by the waye:
With broken ſighes and faltring tongue
he thus to him doth ſay.
My friend (qd he) although vnknown
perhaps I am to thee,
Yet let me craue thy curteſie,
thus much to doo for me:
That is, that thou forthwith wilt go,
vnto the Scottiſh court,
Wher from me, to Ieneuora,
thus much thou ſhalt report.
Through too much ſight Ariodant,
hath founde vntimely death:
And yelded to the greadie ſtreame,
his laſt departing breath.
This ſame is all, this doo for me,
let pitie mone thy mynde:
Sith power wants for: to requite,
that friendſhips lore doth bynde.
This ſaid, the cloudie ſighes prouoke
from ſcorched hart by heapes:
And therwithal deepe ſobs & grones,
from gaſping throte out leapes.
The traueler, agaſt to heare,
theſe ſtraunge and careful newes,
Doth faile his vitall ſenſes faile
and falles in mortall mewſe.
And coming to him ſelfe againe
in faire and friendly wiſe,
(Lyke to his ſkill) he vttereth
what harme therof might riſe.

As

As firſt, his death once bruted forth,
his lyfe is had in ſcorne,
And ther with laſting memorie,
with liueles limmes is worne
Except report reprochfull blaſt
in euery coaſt doth ſound:
How wilfully Ariodant,
his deſperate courſe hath drownd.
Beſides the daunger of the ſoule,
he puts into his mynde:
And eke the terrour of the payne,
that is therfore aſſingde.
But care of heauen, or dought of hel,
is fardeſt from his thought:
And how ỹ world would deeme of him
he neither careth ought.
Wherfore when no perſwaſion
could chaunge his black intent:
With drowned eyes, ỹ ſtraunger doth
to his requeſt conſent.
Then from the toppe of craggy rock,
he lokes to ſtreame beleow:
& ſtretching forth his ſhaking armes,
him ſelfe forthwith doth throwe
amidſt the ſtreame, ỹ foulds his corſe
and ther withall doth ſinke
Vnto the ground, & ther remaynes,
which cauſd the ſtraunger think
That gredi gonif had chokt his breth
and that he had ben dead:
Wherfore he hies vnto the court,
with minde complet with dread.

Ariodant

Ariodant, (though noble hart,
did scorne for to remayne
In such distres, and rather chusd
by death to ease his payne,)
Yet feling pangs of lothsome death,
which kinde could not indure:
He striues againe to get that life,
which care did earst procure
To banish from his vered limmes,
and vsing lothed might:
by force of armes & stretched legges
lyke ther hath won the fight.
And death is fled, with whom retires
that foule and dreadfull thought:
Which carefull wretch Ariodant
to deare well nie had bought.
Thus quite from death, the straunger now
doth sommon wits againe,
To counsell what is best to dw
amidst these stormes of raine.
First, pleasure biddes him to repaire
againe to lusty court,
Wher sone thou shalt distroy (qd he)
these thoughts through pleasant sport.
And sith thou art by skill instruct,
to shunne false Venus bayte:
Perswade thy selfe, the blynded boy
no more for thee will wayte.
With that conceit affection,
doth seme for to agree,
Although in reasons they be all,
and therfore thus saith hee.

Yow

How knowest thou Lurcanio
wil brooke these heauy newes,
What griefe of minde shal he indure
what torments will he vse
(Thinkst thou) when he shal heare thy death)
to ryd his lothed life?
The best is thinke by pining dayes,
if not by persing knife.
And I (qd vertue) can not yeld,
vnto your ioynt consents:
I see small reason to indose
me, to so straunge intents.
We say, that man thryse happy is
whome others proued hath me,
From fallyng hedlong to such haps,
can warne and warely charme.
The court was causer of thy care,
by court did spryng thy paine:
Then let these daungers of the court
from court straunge the againe.
The wyly byrd can shunne the net
which earst enthrald her so:
The sely mouse once caught in trap,
can shunne the guyle also.
But vessels sayd with sower wyne,
kepe still their former taste:
And that which in the boane is bred,
from thence is hardly plaste.
So hard it is to maister loue
which rooted is in hart:
But rather by continual sight
is growen a greater smart.

And

And as vnto Lurcanio,
how he these newes will take:
I dought it not but for thy death
he great complaint wil make.
But for to say, in desperat wise,
he will him selfe confound,
Thats very straunge, t hard to make
that in myne eares to sound,
He loues thee as a brother ought,
(so nature doth him moue)
But selfe loue toucheth nearer kinde
this tale thou true shalt proue.
At first thy death is griefe to him,
sis kindly force is gone:
But as the wearing time doth waste
so doth abbridge his mone.
Wherfore leaue lusty blonds in court
let brother morne his fill:
Let fading worldly pleasures be,
and herke than to my skill:
Learn thou w̄ remnant of thy daies,
the blissed sacred lore,
Seke now at last tappease the heues
whom thou offendst so sore.
So shalt thou learne by lyfe to die,
and die to lyue in ioy:
So shal not then thy fleshly lustes,
thy sinfull ghost annoy.
This sentence was no sooner tould
but for to show consent,
Ethe lymme and ioynt are eased wel
and lyppes pronounce, content,

The

The parlament thus ended is,
to vertue stranger yeldes:
And running here and there abrode
amidst the desert fields:
He doth at last a sheapard spie,
whome he in friendly wyse
Salutes, and after that, he craues
the sheapard to aduise
Him of some holy place, wheras
a man mought leade his lyfe
In quietnes, and wher he mought
abandon worldly strife.
Upon this hill (qd shepard then)
if that thou list to go:
Thou shalt ther find an Hermetage
an aged man also,
That there alone doth passe away
his wery aged tyme.
In prayers much deuoutly for
remisse of former cryme.
This known, Ariodant doth leaue,
the Sheapehard with farewell
And mountes on hauty hyll, wheras
the Hermite poore doth dwell.
And finding him amidst his beades
with hartie greatings made:
The goodly courtier strayns his spech
and thus to him he sayde.
That god that form'd the erth & seas
and framed man of nought.
Increase thy faith, and send thee that
which thou so long hast sought

Good father, though, (through tender age,)
the fraple vnbridled youth
Doth lacke the deepe discretion,
to scanne and iudge the truth:
And thought the motions of the flesh
prouoke the fickle brayne
To light esteeme the heauenly foode,
and honour fancies vayne:
Yet (you do know) by turning off,
the true discourses ould
Of auncient actes, how God aboue,
disdayned not to vnfoulde
His hidden secret mysteries
vnto the tender age:
When contrarie, he doth dispyse
to shew that to the sage.
For proufe we nede none other shew
then Daniell the childe:
Who savd Susanna from the flames
and iustice she did yelne,
Vnto the aged Judges two,
who fayling their intent:
Concluded to condemne to fyre
the silly innocent.
So Dauid, (in his infancie,)
inspird with heauenly might:
Did conquer stout Goliaghs limmes
in open combat fight.
Which proue not time, but godli gifts
sent from the spring of grace:
Do rule within the vertuous,
and in his hart take place.

That

That heuenly beck, & fountain cleare
hath moyſted ſo my luſt:
Oh father, that the vanities,
(which late my ghoſt did ruſt,)
Are waſht clean frō my fretted hart,
and now I am in mynd:
(If thou wilt graunt) by moze aduiſe
moze ſtoze of grace to finde.
And ſith the chaſt and ſecret lyfe,
abandons fading wealth:
And poze and ſparing abſtinence
lettes in the laſting health:
Deny me not thy fcloiwſhip,
graunt me thy company:
Helpe now to ſaue a ſinfull ſoule
that craues a remedy.
So ſhall I bzidell foule deſire,
and thou do ſeruice great
To him, that hath prepard foz vs
(I hope) a heauenly ſeat.
He ſaid, and ſtaid, and Hermit then
with bended lokes to ſkies,
With heaued armes, & watrie plants
directs his tale this wyſe.
That faith, which Samuell poſſeſt,
God graunt thee to enioy:
God ſend thee Samſōs ſtrēgth to help
when fœnd would thee annoy.
As wiſe as Salomon the wiſe,
as chaſt as Jacobs ſonne:
As conſtant as Abednago:
whom, fyzie flames did ſhunne.

Would here my shaking hand (qd he)
I do imbrace thy will:
Be thou to me a lasting mate,
if deeds thy words fulfill.
Thus is our lusty courtier made,
(by taking small degree)
An hermit, poore, and learneth now
a holy man to be.
whom I must leaue amidst his rootes
(in stead of dainty cates)
And now vnto the traueler,
(that is come to the gates.
Of Scottish court) I must retourne,
who craues in gentill wise
To speake with fayre Jeneuora
that carcles doth deuise.
Of sundry sports amongst her mayds
she is aduertised
Of traueler, and sends for him
he comes nye chockt with dred.
And after humble dutie done,
and trembling euery vayne:
With hollow voyce, his palye lippes
he thus to speake dio straine.
What newes (oh Princesse) I do bring
what message I declare:
If good, or bad, as tis vnknown,
so let thy highnes spare.
The skilles messenger, that is
by faithfull promise bound:
This ruthful message to pronounce,
and in thine eares to sound,

The ſame, which wretched catiue I,
with theſe myne eyes did ſee:
Which as they are, and as I was
commaunded, take from mee.
Through to much ſight, Ariodant
hath found vntimely death:
And yelded to the greedy ſtreame
his laſt departing breath:
This he did ſay, which I haue ſhowd
vnto your maieſtie:
And then he lept into the ſtreame,
and died, (oh ruth to ſee.)
Now to your ſkilfull iudgements, I
oh Ladies do commit:
To ſhow vpon theſe carefull newes
what kinde of cruell fit.
Oppreſt vnhappy Princes ghoſt,
what thoughts of endles payne,
what ſcorching grief, what froſe feare
within her temples rayne.
What flaſhing blud doth boyle within
her limmes of heauenly mould:
What trembling dread doth ſhake eche ioynt
then nipping yse more could.
Such tearmes (I ſay) of myndc oppreſt
I leaue vnto thy ſkill:
Oh Phenix byrd, that of like loues
for friend haſt found thy fill.
But ſith (my Lordes) your doughtfull heades
can hardly deeme ſuch fittes:
To dwell in Ladies pleaſant heades,
I will inforce my wittes.

To tell you here the whole discourse
of her lamenting case:
And eke what pensiue passions loue
within her hart did place.
This message dark, pronoũced thus,
the messenger departs:
But message he doth leaue behinde:
to sauce the Princes smartes.
The sound wherof no soner had
perst through her itching eare:
But after it into her head
do folow stormes of feare.
Which makes the goldē frisled heare
right vp in head to stand:
And fury forst her christall eyes,
to burne like fire brand.
Out from her nose & mouth doth pas,
a streams of gushing bloud:
And eke like rubie trickling droppes
frō bathed eyes do scud.
From gasping throate no breath procēdes,
eche limme hath lost his life:
Twixt sobbing hart and dreadfull death,
appeares a mortall strife.
Her feble ioynte, with senceles corse,
do sounder to the ground:
In fine, eche pārce, eche part, and all
are fallen into a sound.
But (Lord) what sturre the Ladies kēpe
what mones the maydes do make:
What shrēkes, and cries, they send to skies,
what carefull paynes they take,

For

For to releaue their mistres deare,
whom they did loue so well:
Doth passe my wit, and skilles head,
in writing plaine to tell.
For one with carcles hand
her tender fingers wring:
And she with pinching of her nose
doth make the bloud out spring.
This matron bends her heauy head,
down to her crased brest:
And this, her ioyned iawes and teeth,
doth force with key to wrest.
She cales for Aqua fortis, and
Ieneuora she cryes:
And she in stead of helping hand,
spends teares from drowned eyes
For troth no old experimen
that dying fittes could cure:
No teares, no cries, no dolefull tune,
that sorow can procure:
But these bewayling Ladies, haue
at full attempted, and
With willing hart & carefull mynd,
allayd and tane in hand.
Through which attempts, & vsing so
her senles figure fayre:
Out from her chafed mouth doth pas
a slender breathing ayre.
And then her setted eyes in head,
she heauily doth roule:
As though she presently would yelde
vnto the heauens her soule.

And thus with groning voyce she sayes,
oh haples harmefull handes:
That would not suffer death to rid
my ghost from carefull bands.
Oh careles foes what profittes you,
to see me diyng liue:
What shal you gaine to see this hand
my deadfull stroake to giue.
Oh dismall day of my distresse,
oh my Ariodant:
Nought els but my departing soule,
thy flying ghost doth want.
which, (sith thy life was my increase)
thy death shall now inforce:
By bloudy hands to yeld to thee,
with wounding of my corse.
But oh, what sight so much annoyd
thy comely personage:
That vnto thy Ieneuora,
thou couldst doo such outrage?
In drowning ý which I more deere
then friends or life did hould,
The sight wherof broght helth to me,
when I did it behould.
What sight so vile, the vew wherof
could maister so thy mynde,
That vnto me thy vowed friend
thou couldst be so vnkinde?
Did euer signe of foule vntruth,
appeare before thy sight?
Did euer deed or word make false
that faith that I did plight?

To thee: and which I neuer sought
since first I bound to lose?
Dorst euer yet these lippes of myne,
presume for to disclose.
(Till now to late) our secret loue?
oh speake thou flying sprite,
And ease me of this one conceit,
as thou art faithfull knight)
To late, to late. (a lasse) I crie,
in vayne I wast my breath:
But out to soone: to soone, (a lasse)
I wayle thy cruell death.
And shall I liue bereud of friend,
shall mourning let in age?
And ist enough with heauy mones,
my passions to asswage?
No, no, myne owne Ariodant
my first approued frend:
And eke the last with whom I mynd
my dayes in loue to spend:
Euen as thy liuely feature,
inforst me to thy loue:
So shall thy death, let in my death,
as time right well shall proue.
And as she did begin at first,
nie chockt with mortall sound:
Euen so she endes her heauy plaint,
with falling down to ground.
Amidst thele stormes of deadly grief
and passions stoarde with payne:
Report with treble sounding voyce
his yelling throate doth strayne.

And pittes into eche open eare,
how that by ſelf conſent:
Amidſt the ſtreame Ariodant,
his latelt dayes hath ſpent.
And now into Lurcanios eares,
this heauy newes he blowes:
And how, & when, he drowned him ſelf
to him he plainly ſhowes.
Wherwith ỹ carefull brother caught,
with ſting of pearſing death:
Reſines his warlike force, and falles
therwith downe to the earth.
Wher after many griping grones,
inforſt by grief of mynd:
His noble hart hath wonne by force
his banicht breathing wynd.
But feſtred lies in hart the care,
that troubles euery dayne:
And deepin thought is lodgd ỹ cauſe,
of this newe proued payne.
The force wherof ſo calmed hath
his fierce corragious hart:
That fee from eyes lõg time dryd vp,
a floud of teares depart.
Which mired are with heauy ſobbes
from manlike broyling breſt:
And compaſt in with ſmoking ſighes,
and flames of great vnreſt.
All theſe in dungeon deepe below
Alecto fiers eſpies:
Whoſe nature is, in bered hart
pale hatred to deuiſe.

Wherfore

Wherfore (hir snaky heares wound vp)
she leaues hir lothsome denne
And flies vnto the Scottish court:
wheras, Turcanio then
Was heauely bewayling of
his wretched brothers death,
To whome (like aged matron right,)
she spends this dinelish breath.
When shall thy childish plaints haue ende?
when shal thy cares be spent?
when shal thy lateſt sighes be brethed
that tende to smal intent?
Oh, false vnto thy brothers ghoſt,
ow womens mones suffise,
To answer that, which for reuenge
to thee ech houre cries?
Shal murder thus be suffered?
shall bloudie hands enioye
A longer life, is this the loue
thou sekſt for to imploye
On him, that (whilſt he liued on erth)
held thee then lyke moze deare?
Is this a brothers iuſt reward?
doſt thou such friendship beare
Vnto thy moſt abuſed friend?
and canſt thou liue to see
Thy brother dead, his foe alyue
hym sterue, and she styll free?
hath nature formd thee void of witte?
(oh cruell to thy kinde)
Hath pitie so affected, this
thy worthy warlike minde?

That neither brothers amitie,
ne lynke of iuſtice loſt,
Can moue thee for this foule offence
iuſt iudgement to implore?
Leaue thou theſe lamentations long,
drie vp theſe childiſh teares,
And ſpeedily ſee that thou put
into thy ſouereignes eares:
How that the Prince Ieneuora
diſhonored hath her ſtate:
In feeding her diſhoneſt luſt
with one thou ſawest of late,
And that of body ſhe is falſe,
ſee thou defend with force:
So ſhalt thou yelde a iuſt rewarde,
by burning of her coarſe.
This ſpightfull ſpight, thus vomited
from vgly lothſome pate
A ſnake ſhe pulles which for to moue
Lurcanio more to hate.
She throwes into his boſome right,
wher ſtinging it remaynes:
And poyſneth ſo eche ioynt & limme,
and ſwelles ſo all his vaynes,
That raging, (like a frantike beaſt,)
vnto the king he hies:
To whome, his dutie finiſhed,
this tale he doth deuiſe.
That fayth (oh king) which ſubiectes bare
vnto their ſoueraigne:
That loue that to their Princely ſtate,
within their harts remayne.

That

That care which to their high renowne,
and honor eke they haue:
And last, that great regard they vse,
their vertue still to saue:
Hath forst my trembling tongue to speake
against the lust of mynde,
and charged my closed lippes to tell,
that duties force doth binde.
Which newes, though some vnrest do bringe
vnto your horie heares,
Yet yelding iustice for the same,
gaynes life that neuer weares
Oh worthy king, and my liege Lord
(though but alyde by vowe)
The noble intertainment, which
I haue receiued of you,
Commaundes me not to hide a fact,
so heinous from your grace,
Though déede be done by such anone,
as comes of royall race.
Whordom (oh king) committed by
the Prince Ieneuora
It is, that so hath moued my tongue
and lippes from longer staie.
Which these my eyes (to soone) haue séene
at place and time vnfit:
In proufe wherof, loo here my gage,
I will my lyfe commit
Into his hands, that giues the palme
vnto the faithful wight,
and yeldes the gayne of victorie
to him that fights in right.

I nede not now declare what thoughtes
oppresse the pensiue king,
Ne what ill rest to aged head,
these careful newes do bring:
With prone it is to testie age
to take in fretting wise
A small offence, and euery fault
is great before their eies.
Wherfore his present panges I passe,
I leaue his heauy hart
Wrapt in with web of carefulnes,
and gript in graue of smart:
And to this kings reply, I will
direct my penne againe,
Who pausing long from carefull thoughts
at last he doth refraine,
and thus he sayes.

Lurcanio, thy seruice good
and faithfull vnto me,
Doth argue in my doughtfull head,
thy minde from falshood free:
But if my age be not disceiued,
if fame do not beguile
My hoping hart, such shameful actes
are fardest in exile
from hir whom thou hast now accusd
whose parents godly age,
Was neuer iustly taynted with
a deede of such outrage.
Wherfore sith doughtfull yet it lies,
within our princely minde
And sith none but Lurcanio,
this fonle abuse doth finde

We will before our ſentence geuen
examine this accuſo:
That hath by whordom (as thou ſaiſt)
our ſtate ſo much abuſo.
And leaſt thou deeme mée partiall,
I do accept thy gage
Conditionly, that thou thy ſelf,
this profered fight ſhalt wage
Againſt who liſteth to mainteine
her truth againſt thy might
(Like to our auncient laws ordeind)
by force of combat fight.
And if thou gaine the victory.
then ſhe to flames of fire:
If vanquiſt thou, ſhe frée ſhall liue,
thou death ſhalt haue for hire.
Which fight we wil ſhalbe performd
vpon the fiftenth day:
Enſuing next, when God (I truſt)
the right with right will pay.
So ſayd, Lurcanio leaues the King,
and to his chamber hies:
Where for his brothers death he doth
renewe his wonted cries.
But careful king, (whē ſtraũger was
departed from his ſight:)
(In minde to trie his truth herein)
doth ſend a faithfull knight.
For carefull Ieneuora
whom meſſenger doth finde:
Amidſt her maydes lamenting ſtill
with head to breſt inclinde,

To whome his battle finished,
his message he doth show,
Thessa where Ieneuora
when perfectly doth knowe,
she wiping cleane her bathed chekes
and trimmeth vp her heare,
Doth so repaire vnto the king,
though with vnchaunged cheare.
To whome, she is no sooner come,
but boydance then is made
Of ech estate, and then the king
with trickling teares thus sayde.
They say, that childe thrise cursed is,
whose vile and vicious life,
Doth cause the louing parents dye
consumde with carefull strife
which endles grief, god grant (qd he)
thy actes force me not proue,
But that thy hoped vertues dow,
from suth conceits me moue.
Tis so (qd he) Ieneuora
whylst in our Princely court
We weard away our crooked age,
lyke to our wonted sort:
Before our presence doth appeare,
the stout Lurcanio,
Who of free will dyd iustifie
and threw downe gage also
To proue that thou hast don the deede
that hath deserued fyre,
I meane that thou hast purchast deth
through whoredoms foule desire.

Which

which dede, him selfe did see he vowd
at place and time vnmeete
And iudgement he did craue also
for such offence most fitte.
which iudgement I haue stayed yet,
to heare what thou canst saye:
why dreadful doome of present death,
should longer for thee staye.
This sayd, the king complete with care
doth staye his choked breath:
And feeles the force of mortall ache,
and latest pangs of death.
But she, whose wretched ghost hath felt
the worst of all her smart,
With countnance fearse (disdayning lyfe)
all feare doth set appart,
And answers thus vnto the king,
my Lord and soueraigne.
Of catiues all she wretch is most
she feeles most store of payne.
whose heauy hap doth rather bidde
the tongue for to confesse
Untroth, then by accusing tale
to pleade for her redresse.
Oh king, of whom this earthly shape
by dome I doo enioye,
Let not these latest woords of mine,
thy Princely mynde annoy:
But heare indifferently what cares,
thy childe doth now susteyne:
That rather seekes to suffer death,
then long to taste this payne,

My dread, and soueraine Lord and kyng
thy skilfull hosie heares
Know, well, how from the cradell vp
vnto the lateſt yeares:
We subiect are to euery sinne,
and thrald of natures kinde,
By thought, by word, by déede, and sight
vnto the fancies blynde
Of worldly cares, and nought there is
within our sinfull hart
But fancies fond, which reason willes
should taſt a lasting smart.
Such thoughts, such words, such déedes, and (sights
oh king haue ruldе in me:
And wo, and will, tyll of the yoke
of liſe my limmes be frée.
Amongſt which sinfull passions,
one most annoyed my minde,
One act ther is wherin (oh king)
I greateſt griefe do finde:
Which sith both time & present state
byds tell vnto your grace,
I will disclose, & from my hart
all damps of feare displace.
Wherby I shal driue dought (I trust)
out from your doughtfull breaſt,
And make you priuie of such haps
as in me lurking reaſt.
Amongſt the train of this your court
and of your courtiers stout,
Amongſt the worthy company
of all the courtly rought:

Ther

There was (your highnes knowes right well)
one knight Ariodant:
In whom that should adorne a man,
no gift at all did want.
A fæmely wight, of spotles faith,
although an alien borne:
Whose shape with thousand comely giftes
dame nature did adorne.
His noblenes, his grace, and shape,
enforce my virgins hart:
Lōg time to plunge in goulfs of care
and taft of louers smatt.
Ye turnd my chaft disposed mynde
from thoughtes of maydens life:
And taught me seke to salue ỹ wound
of Cupides fatall knife.
But fæ (the heuens I think it would)
that stroke which pearft my brest,
Did carue in him a griefly gashe
and in his hart did rest.
Thimpoisned push, which forced him
to fæle lyke fittes and payne:
And in like storms of troubled mind
long time for to remayne.
Till ỹ a means he found, which way
he mought disclose his loue
To me, and eke for to bewray,
that Cupides force did moue.
Which when I vnderstood, no wight
did euer taft like loye
As I (glad soule) that banisht then
that carft did me annoy.

And waying long his vertues great,
and eke his good intent:
(Which caused my affection)
at last I did consent.
Vnto his loue and chosing then
him as my dearest frend,
I did conclude in wedlockes band,
with him my life to spend:
But for the fruites of this our blisse,
for here vnstable state:
Nay, for (oh King) the end of all,
this our most happy fate.
Whylst we in linke of loyall loue
thus led our restles life:
And whylst my careles hart did ioye
the chaunge of wonted strife.
I know not I, what cruell fate
inforst my hartes delight:
My frend, myne own Ariodant,
to worke this cruell spight.
On me, amidst the choking streames
(oh fierse vntimely death)
He drowned him self, & to the waues
he did resigne his breath.
Whose death (oh hart) shal worke thi wo
and ende thy wonted ioye:
And force my heauy head to learne,
howe life I may destroy.
Yet know (oh Syr) in all this loue,
nought did offend but thought:
Nought trespased, but that vnknown
to thee (oh King) I sought

To choose a feare of race vnfit,
vnto your Princely state:
Whose reial tipe cōmaūds me choose
a farre more fitter mate.
But if this gayne, by breach of lawe
the death of scorching syre:
Then do pronoūce the sentence stayd
tis death I so desire.
Only let this perswade your mynde
no eye did euer see:
This corpse of myne, with whordoms blotte,
so spotted for to bee.
This long discourse of amours past,
and eke deuiall made:
That neuer cloud of shame could yet
her honor iustly shade.
She stayd her wery iawes, and ends
her heauy panting breath:
And wonted woes doo force her fall,
in sound downe to the earth.
The aged King that sees this fitte,
nye caught with like disease,
with shaking hāds her temples rubs
and seekes eche way tappease.
These choking griefs, but all in vain
he rubs and chafes his childe:
For death hath nummed euery part,
and life is now exilde.
Til panting hart with strained might
receiues his wonted force:
And lets in wholsome breath againe
into the senceles corse.

which ioyful king (with hart reuyud)
doth see and driueth feare
Away, and strayning then his sprites,
he thus the Princes doth cheare.
I was or this resolued long
of thy vnspotted grace
My swéete and deare Ieneuora,
wherfore in hart displace.
These cankerd cares frō tender brest
feare not the paynes of death:
Let not the losse of desprate frænd
force thée resigne thy breath.
For I not only will prouide
for sauegard of thy life:
But for a frend that shall thée please
and gard thy hart from strife.
And kissing long her rubie lippes
and wiping cleane her eyes:
He takes her by the christall hand
and ceaseth to deuise
Of former talke, and then himself,
conueies her to her court:
Wher, (he once gone) she doth renew
her wonted carefull sport.
But pensiue king doth tract no tyme
ne lenger makes delay:
For to prouide a champion,
to helpe in this assay.
Wherfore wͤ blast of trompets sound
it is proclaymed eche where:
That who so list in mortall fight
his speare and armour beare.

Against

Against the stout Lurcanio,
and conquere him in fight:
Shall haue to wife Ieneuora,
and all her Princely right.
now with this message prick ẏ postes
the Herhautes trie their steades:
He rides to Brutus worthy realme,
he takes the way that leades
To famouse Fraunce, & he doth hie
vnto an other soyle:
In fine, eche one for Princes doth
by land and sea turmoyle.
But bootles do the Postes proclayme
this booty daungerous:
For none list venter, for the gayne
a deed so perilous.
Wherfore cōplet with cares they do
returne to court agayne:
And ther declare the ill successe,
of this their message vayne.
But sæ the hap, one of these Postes
returning voyd of ayde:
Rydes by the Hermitage, wheras
Ariodant stayd.
And mæting then the Hermit ould,
that sought for rootes abroade:
(Their grætings don) his hed he doth
of message then vnloade.
And showes vnto the holy syre,
howe Prince Ieneuora
For lacke of ayde should burned be
vpon the second day.

Enſuing nert, and then he telles
how ſhe was firſt accuſde
By one, that layde by whordom vyle
ſhe had her ſelfe abuſde.
Thus when they chatted had inough
the boſſe leaues of his talke:
And vlies to court, and Hermit he
vnto his home doth walke.
Wher he no ſoner is arivde,
but (like to wonted ſort)
Theſe nouels to his holy mate
he doth forthwith report.
But who hath ſeene ꝑ coũtnaunce the
of this Ariodant:
And markt how colour went e came
and how his vaines did pant.
Mought wel haue demde ſome preſent pange
had vext his troubled minde:
And that by this report, his hart
ſome ſtraunge conceit did finde.
For troth, this tale no ſoner tould,
and hard with open eare:
but ſwarming thoghts, in rauiſht breſt
do cluſter now a reare.
Yet vertue, ielouſly doth blame,
his fickell wauring minde:
And cõſtancie condems his thoughts
that flie like duſt in wynde.
But amours old, prouokes his harte
to die in her defence:
Record of former amitie,
forgettes ſuppoſd offence.

the

The dying sparks of Cupides coales
do now reuiue againe:
Her beautie great and comelines
inforseth former payne.
His youthfull yeares begin to scorne
such pinching miserie:
This pining diet makes him loth
such holy penurie.
Hope doth assure him to winne
her true and faithfull loue:
If for her sake, in her defence:
he will this battell proue.
Now nature, doth forbid him fight
against Eurcanio:
(For be it is he knows right well)
that was the Princes so.
Loue telles him that his brother hath
deserued death by right:
In that he hath accused her
that is the lampe of light.
Thus fancies rule within his head,
as motions moue the minde:
And changing thoughts do alter still,
as reason right doth finde.
But to conclude deuotion droupes,
pore penury is past:
youth likes not now to purchase heue
with faint and feeble fast.
The ciuill fight with brother, he
regardes nnowht at all:
His loue, his care, his life, his death,
he cares not what befall.

Wherfore, as he vnknowen did come
vnto the Hermitage:
So he departs by stealth, without
farewell to father age.
And wanders in the fieldes, till that
the mantell blacke did hide:
The gladsome day and then he hyes
vnto the towne vnspide.
Wher secretly he comes vnto,
his well approued host:
(Whose frendship stood him in great stéd
when cares annoyd him most.)
To whom whē long he had discourst
of his aduentures all:
He doth disclose what he intends
and sayes, (what so befall)
He will against his brother fight
to saue his Ladies life:
Or els before her, end his dayes,
on point of brothers knife.
Wherfore, he willes him to prouide,
a complet armour sure:
That he the better may, against
his brothers force indure.
And sturdy speare, & shield as stiffe
he willes him to prouide:
And barbed stéd, both strong & light,
that tempest like will glyde.
All these he willes him to prepare
and all of colour black:
For Sables shall bewray (quoth he)
of wonted ioyes my wrack.

Thus

Thus leaue I now the busy hoste,
and eke couragious geste:
Preparing armour such as may
defend the straunger best.
And to the court complet with care
My pen and I must plie:
To tel their dole, their grief, their wo
and mones of miserie.
The wery Posts are nowe returnd
vnto the heauy court:
Wher euery one his seuerall hap
doth dolefully report.
But when the aged king perceiues,
no ayde is to be found:
His weake and feble limmes do fall
for sorow to the ground.
His counsell eke (that for the cares
of their vnhappy king)
Do feele welnie his griefe and smart
and wepe, and waple, and wring
Their fingers, e with drowned eyes
lament his wretched state:
And with a thousand doles e plaints
they rew his ruthfull fate.
Yet seyng him so sunke in grief,
and fearing present death:
They seke to banish dying panges,
by reasons wholesome breath.
But sooner mought ỹ moūtain moue
or sea forsake his tide:
Thē gnawing fits to want the force
that through eche part do glide.

Of wythard age, and crooked lymmes,
and ſtyng ſo feble hart:
That ioye is gone, and bliſſe reſingde,
care turnes good happe to ſmart.
This is the ſely Dyers ſtate,
the Ladies leade like life:
With whome, nought els but teares, & cries,
and beauties is ryfe.
For when they heare no helpers ſounde,
to ayde the Lady deare:
Eche chamber ſounds of ſolom tunes,
and cares bring dreadfull feare,
So much, that ſee in cluſtring heapes,
whyſt trembling maydens keepe,
And there, whyſt with one perſect voyce,
they wayle, they wo, and weepe:
This fearful ſoule, doth ſee (ſhe thinkes)
the ſhape of ougly ſprightes:
She heares in rynging eare the ſounde
of clamors loud and ſhryghes.
The outmoſt of the preaſe, doth feale
a pulling hand to ſtraine
Her ſlender arme, and ſhrinkes away,
and couldly ſweates for payne.
Thus feare, thus care, lamenting long,
and ſpring of blackiſh teares:
With dropping dreade, and freating fittes,
in hart oppreſt appeares,
But ſhe, for whome was all this care,
that had moſt cauſe to wayle,
Is voyde of carefulnes for death,
ne griefe doth her aſſayle:

Sane

Saue death of her Ariodant,
that was, then corsies bayne
More worse: wherfore for preset deth
she wisheth still in vaine.
Yet heares she with aduised myndo,
the Prelates sage aduise:
That wils her to forget the world,
and wonted ioyes despise.
And biddes her call to mind, the blisse
that neuer shall haue ende:
Wherto by faith and stedfast troth
she shortly shal assend.
He byddes her cast the feare of death,
from bounds of godly brest:
For he can sheelde her hart (he saies)
from payne, that bringeth rest.
He voucheth sacred scriptures now,
to stablish her beliefe:
He tels what ioy the soule receiues,
when flesh doth suffer griefe.
And lastly, he perswades her that
she gaines by giltles death,
A seate amongst the martyrd saints,
that feede on heauenly breath.
As Abell doth, whose cruell death
the cursed Cayn doth rewe,
Who moud with indignation,
his natiue brother slew.
With these deuout perswasions
the Prince is mortifide,
Who doth for latest brunt of death
with willyng minde abide.

Amongst

Amongſt theſe paſſions tragicall
and actes of enoles care:
Liſt now my Lo:des, how Polineſſe
that wretched Duke doth fare.
Whoſe guiltie mind finds litter eaſe,
ſo much doth feare oppreſſe
His traitrous hart, leaſt that Dalind
his treaſon ſhould confeſſe
Wherfore, (for greater ſecrtie
of this concealo offence)
He doth deuiſe a cruell crime
through mariage cloke pretence.
That is, for to perſwade Dalind
the morow nert, he will
By ſacred law of ſpouſals rightes,
his promyſe howde fulfill.
And her conſent once gotten, he
deuiſeth for to ſend:
Her with two truſty men of his
vnto a wood, to hende.
There to bereue from her, her life
inſtæde of wedlockes band:
Therby to eaſe his doughtfull breaſt
that fearfull ye: doth ſtand.
But whilſt hereof his wits do muſe
ſee wher Dalinda cummes:
Whoſe haſty paſe and heauy cheare
his ſences throughly nummes.
To whom, her reuerence perfo:mde,
ſhe ſhows how that the king
Hath geue vnto the Steward charge
that he forthwith ſhould bring.

Vnto

Vnto his presence, all the trayne
of carefull Princes grace:
Of purpose to examine them
of this accused case.
(I thinke qd she) wherfore my Lord,
I thought conuenient:
Vpon a matter of such waight,
to know your wise intent.
This said, the subtil Duke (as though
he weare to seeke for wittes)
A while with fixed eyes on ground
on seate he musing sittes.
But when he had dissembled long
his answere ready made:
With smiling cheer, & foulded armes
thus vnto her he sayd.
I neuer was deceiud (qd he)
of thy assured troth
Mine own, and chiefest faithful frend
to whom I would be loth
That any yet of feule mishappe,
should chaunce or els befall:
Or that to any fretting grief,
thy free mynde should be thrall.
But do not thou dismay thy self
I will prouide for thee:
I will deuise and seeke forthwith
for thy best suertie.
I haue a house not farre from hence,
beyond the mightie wood:
Wherto I will thou do repayre,
(if so thou thinkest good.)

By breake of daye the morow nert,
where thou shalt stay for me,
who wil vpon the Princesse death,
with speede come visit thee.
And ther by deede performe the thing
that holy did earst protest,
By knitting thee the wedlocks knot
that I so much request.
The doting mayde misdoughts no guyle
the soone doth condiscende
Vnto his tale, and all that night
the hath in secrete spende.
But she once gon, the Duke sends for
two truslie men of his,
Whose cursed hands with murdred bloud
had ben imbrude ere this:
To whom whe long he had discourst,
what faith they ought to beare
Vnto theyr Lord, and eke what troth
within them ought appeare:
He tels what forst him send for them
and how it was his wyll:
That whyst they roade amydst the wood,
they should Dalinda kyll
The ruffyns vile, with smal request
moude to so foule a deede:
Consent vnto their cruell Lord,
and show them selues agreede
Vnto his best. Who for to moue
them more vnto this sinne,
With promise great of large relwards
he doth them fully winne.

By

By this the pensiue daye is past,
and now the mourning shade
Of black and fearefull night appeares:
and doth eche where inuade.
Wherin iudge you what ease they take,
that are wrapt in with wo,
And coucht in caue of carefulnes,
and bathd in bed also:
Iudge you the fathers quiet ease,
and dame the daughters rest,
Thinke how the goulden sleape doth please
the ghost with gricfe oppress.
And I will tell how night is gone,
with countenance darke and sad:
Because amydst the restles court
so littel ease he had.
And he thus gone Aurora showes
her chearful visage gray,
And after her the blushing Phebe
his countnance doth bewray.
Who scarce doth clime on lowest steppe,
when as the watching mayde,
(Dalinda) leaues her lothed sleepe,
and hasteth (as afrayde
To come to late) to Polinesse,
who puttes her in the guide
Of those vngracious Ruffians,
that he appoynts to ryde
With her, vnto his house erpress,
and bidds them tary there
(Dissembling wise) till he doth come
to quench the sparkes of feare.

(If any then did kindell in
the reckles maydens minde)
Who hopes for troth, as erst she hard
so euery thing to finde.
Thus ryde they forth, and riding I
will leaue them for a whyle:
And to the carefull court agayne
that doth forthwith exile.
His drousie domps, I will returne
and gryde my wery hand:
And of their last extreamest fittes
who list to vnderstand.
shall heare the ende.

THe wery night hath brought again
the day and dreadfull day:
When heauy lookes, & cloudy sighes,
a storme of teares bewray.
The court hath left his tossed couch,
their restles bedde all shunne:
The ladies haue their persing plaints
and dolefull tune begonne.
Amidst a world of grickes the king
forsakes his bathed bedde:
Who for the Prince Jenewra,
a flood of teares hath shedde.
But kingly iustice ruling still
within his regall mind:
Doth tell him that the day is come
which he of late assignde.
When either force of vigors hand,
should fade Lurcanio:
Or els in flames Jenewra,
her senses should forgo.

These

These thoughts of iustice forces him cloke
the anguish of his hart:
Affection lurkes in panting breast,
in secreat lodgeth smart.
Wherfore in hastie wise he doth
commaund vnto the fyre
the giltles Princes whose deserts,
gayne not so foule a hyre.
Whose sentence known, Jenetora
obeyes with pleased minde
Who decking her like her estate
with iemmes of precious kinde.
Like heuenly ghost not earthly wight
she teares her chariot straight
That couerd is with black, on whom
a rought of Ladies waight.
Whose mourning words declare y cares
of their disquiet hartes:
And argue to the gasing eye,
the proufe of present smartes.
Next them, the king his train is past,
whose heauy pensiue cheare:
Agree with those black solom lukes,
which they that day did weare.
Then folows carefull Counselers,
and then the aged king
In colour like, and after them
a world of folke do sing.
In this aray, they are arryued
vpon the dreadfull place:
Wher Princesse must resigne her lyfe,
if that some sparke of grace.

Betyme her not, ther she abydes
to tast her latest care:
Amidst the ghostly Prelates that
of heauenly ioyes declare.
The kyng scarce set on stately seate
but all in complet steele
Lurcanio comes vnto the liste,
his chalenge to fulfill.
Who sworne by false Duke Polinesse,
that then was Martiall:
To gayne the feld, he doth demaund
of him the summe and all.
Of that he sought within the listes,
to whom Lurcanio:
Thus sayd, I am approched here
to proue against my so.
That by the filthy whordoms crime,
which I (qd he) did see:
Jenewra deserued hath,
here burned for to bee.
This sayd, he entres in the lystes
and by the relickes there:
In proufe of that which earst he sais
he doth deuoutly sweare.
Nought wants but execution now,
for that they only stay:
Which to performe, Jenewra
doncludes without delay.
Who first disrobes her selfe of all
her Princely braue attire:
And only in her kyrtell she,
doth mynde to taste the fire.

then

Then prostrate on the ground she falles,
and with a cherefull voyce:
She prayes to God, with whom she hopes
shortly for to reioyce.
But who had seene the waylings then,
of all the lookers on:
And how ech eye is drowned wt tears
and euery mouth doth mone.
mought wel haue seen ye mothers grief
for death of loued childe:
And fathers plaint for natiue sonne,
whose life feares death exilde.
Whilst thus the Princesse prepares her selfe
vnto her heauy feast:
And whilst ech on lamenting stayes,
with ruthfull sighyng breast.
See wher a Knight stands houering,
clad all in armour blacke:
And mounted on a barbed steede
with sheeld behind his backe.
A mighty speare in hand he helde
and swoord gyrt by his side,
His visar close before his face,
least that he weare discride.
The Marshall spyes this Knight vnknown,
and as he sayd before,
So now he doth demaund also,
of him, the cause, wherfore:
He is arivd in that aray
amydst that worthy presse,
To whom Ariodant doth
these knightlike wordes expresse:

To saue (qd he) from fyry flames
this falſe accuſed wight:
Though Scots do feare, I do intend,
to venter life and might:
Nought doughting but as gilties ſhe
condempned is to die:
So this my ſpear and ſword (I truſt)
her truth right well ſhall trie.
The ſtraunger enters thus the liſtes
wher ſtoutly he doth ſweare:
That of that fowle ſuppoſed crime
Jeneuora is cleare.
This don, without a lenger ſtay,
the Heraultes crie to fight:
Now do your beſt, e god him ſheld
that drawes his ſword in right.
Lurcanio leanes now to muſe,
his ſpeare is couched in reſt:
He forward like the winde doth ſtring
with ſheld before his breſt:
Ariodant, not ignorant
with whom he is to fight:
Sets forward to with thundring paſe
and mætes his brother right.
e ſpears all cruſht do mount aloft
eche keepes his ſaddell ſure:
Ariodant againſt his foe,
doth mightely indure.
Then leaue they foming ſteades, e ſhe
they draw their ſhining blades:
Wherwith ech one his enemy,
with courage ſtout inuades.

He smytes a caruing blowe vpon,
his aduersaries sheloe:
And he doth send a cantell from,
his helmet to the fæloe.
Lurcanio is nothing nice,
of his approued might:
Ne yet Ariodant behinde,
his almes for to requight.
But farre vnegall is the match,
Lurcanio sæmes to play:
When as Ariodant is forst,
to ward, or els decay.
yet as he can he lendes a blowe,
and then he shiftes againe:
From dint of brothers stroke, whose force
would well requite his payne.
Thus he doth strike, and he the blow
receiues vpon his sheloe:
And he againe, (the vantage spyde)
a buffet byg doth yeloe.
Lurcanio thinks of brothers death,
and fightes like Lyon fierse:
Ariodant, (his Ladie spied)
both stæle and male doth pearse.
With bluddy blads thei prick & thrust
the ground is dyde with blouoe
Now breath they both, & now againe
they rage like Tigers wood
In this conflict I must them leaue,
eche sasking others ende:
And to Dalinda once againe,
my pen and I must bende.

Who once arydde within the wood,
wher she must yelde her life:
In stead of solom mariage,
on edge of Ruffyns knyfe.
They bid her light of from her horse,
and with a countnance fiers:
The sum of that they had in charge
to her they do rehears.
which whe she knew, frō wonted talk
her closed lippes refrayne:
And feare of death do force her fele
the panges of deadly payne.
Her careles head, late occupide
with blissed wedlockes bandes
Is comfortles, & now poore wretch
as stone in wall she standes.
So farre her present thoughts be od,
as hope of sweetie:
And now to sure signes of smart
and stormes of miserie.
But making of necessitie
a present vertue, she
Decrees as time did serue to make
her soule from bondage free.
And kneling then vpon the ground
betwirt these ghostly mates:
That mynd by earning of her dead
to ende her latest fates.
She prayes vnto the Creator
to pardon her offence:
And that he would forget her sinne
and way her penitence.

Then

Then wt a streame of teares she rewes
her Ladies giltles death:
For whom, the anguish of her hart.
doth choke weiny her breath.
What should I say, for thousand sins
which she did never know:
(To length ꝑ time) she praies to God
that he will mercy show.
but see how in most daũgerous tydes
oft times doth happen bliſſe:
See how in present stroke of death
the hart relæued is.
whilst thus she prays aduẽture drowe
through search of nearest way:
To Scottish court, vpon the place
wher she deuout doth pray.
The famous knight Raynaldo, who
beholding with his eye:
betwirt two Ruffians naked swords
a Lady prest to die.
He spurs his Steed, & drawes his blade
and driues vnto them twoo:
In mynde to rescue if he could
that carefull wight from woo.
The tormenters that saw him come
dispayring of their might:
Forsake ꝑ mayd & mount on Steeds
and saue them selues by flight.
which when Dalinda vews, she thus
vnto Raynald gan say:
Yet let me craue this curtesie
or thou depart away.

(Oh worthy knight,) that is, ỳ thou
wilt be my guyde vnto
The most vnhapiest Scottish court
and most complete with woe.
Wher I shal bring the ioyfullst news
that euer came to kyng:
And tell the gladdest tale that earst,
a messenger did bring.
Raynaldo graunts to her desire
she is now horst againe:
They forward poste, and as they ride
she greatly doth complaine.
Of false Duke Polineſſos guyle
she blames his subtill witte:
And for reuenge to god she cries
for such offence most fitte.
Thus weary time is spent, and now
they are within the vewe:
of flaming brondes of glistring swords
and of the Scottish crewe.
The with a straynes balowing voice
stay how Raynaldo cries:
Depart the knightes, & with ỳ word
eene casteth vp his eyes.
To see from whence proceds ỳ voice
that ringes so in their eares:
And therwithall Raynaldo and
Dalinda, do appeare.
who passing throgh ỳ mightie preasse,
at last approche the seate:
Of Scottish king, whereas Dalind
beginnes for to intreate.

Of all the treaſon which the Duke
and ſhe did late deuiſe,
But crying firſt, Kaye Polineſſe,
thus to her tale ſhe plies.
Why ſhuld I lenger ſtay (oh wretch)
why ſhould my lippes refrayn
From ſounding out the perfect troth
which hidden, ſeekes to ſtayne
The guiltles Imphe of vertues ſchole
whoſe ſpotleſſe troth doth crie
For iuſt reuenge for ſuch offence,
to him that rules ſkie.
Oh king let dought of daughters crime,
no more diſmaye thy mynde,
Ne let thy hart to fearefull thoughts,
for princes be inclinde:
For this thyſe curſed tongue of myne,
ſhall plainly ſhow to thee:
Who did offende, who gaind this fire,
from which the prince is free.
And though mine own reproch, I muſt
blaſe here amidſt this preſſe,
yet gnawing thoughts of gilty minde,
inforce me troth confeſſe.
This Duke (oh king) this Polineſſe
this falſe diſceitful knight
And I vnhappieſt wretch it was,
that gaynd theſe flames of right,
For ſee diſceit: whilſt in the court,
I led a reckles race,
And whylſt amongſt the courtly trayne,
I ſerude the princes grace.

There came to me this Polinesse,
who with a smyling chere,
And glosing wordes gan long discourse
what friendship he did beare
To me, and how his whole desire
was to obteyne my loue
Which for to get with tedious sute,
he seekes me long to proue.
But sex, as forced watch doth make,
the sauage Hauke to sit:
As strained bitte the Coult vntamd,
doth make apt to the list:
So did this Dukes continuall sute
enforce me to consent:
In hope of lawfull mariage,
vnto his false intent.
The conquest gaind, he showes him pleasd,
and I, in hope of blisse,
Do finde my selfe not discontent,
at thappy happe of this.
This past, and I remayning still
within the princesse court:
Vpon a day Duke Polinesse
thus to me gan report.
If that I thought my former wordes
wherof such perfect force,
As mought (qd he) from wauering minde
all damps of dought remoue:
I would refraine that now I mynde
in presence here declare,
And closly in my secrete mynde,
such passions I would spare.

But

But dœde shal showe the summe (qd he,)
of my well meaning hart,
And eke in woordes my iust intent,
to thee I shall impart.
Thou knowst (qd he) what goulden tyme
in seruice I haue spent:
In hope to gayne at last for hyre
the princesse like assent.
Thou partli knowst, my faithful hart
and loyall loue to hir:
Thou knowest what diuers waies I
hir friendship for to styre. (vs'd
But only I to wel haue known
how euel she did requite
My vowed troth, and how my loue,
she had in great despite.
Which when with griefe I vewd (qd he)
I sought by reasons skill
To maister loue, and by aduise
to taine affections will.
And thinking that the second nayle,
could soone expell the first,
I hardly finde this moysture can
asswage my former thrust.
Thus tost am I with bylowes great
of great vnrest (qd he)
And onely finde by sage aduise,
this only suertie.
I thinke (qd he) the heauens it will,
that that selfe same attyre
Which she did weare, when first I did
so much her loue desire.

Should

Should quite my former thraled hart,
of euell requited loue:
And from thy breast it doughts remayne
dispairing doughts remoue.
Wherfore I will, that with those robes,
that prince in feast doth weare
Hard by the outwall houses thou
Dalinda shalt appeare
To me where I in scorne of prince
will tosse her princely trayne:
And ther resigne the latest fittes,
of my long proued payne.
With smal request I graunted haue
to his so sugred tale:
And to thappointed place also,
to come I dis not fayle.
Wher I in robes of princes grace,
when sleape the prince possest:
With Juels, tablets, cheins, & ringes,
did pelde to his request.
This same was it, and that was I
whome straunger so disdise:
The night when feast in court was holde
wherof princesse is fræ.
But heare oh king the ende of all,
iudge of this traitrous part,
See how the filed wordes agreed,
with false disceitfull hart.
When giltles thus Lurcanio had
accus'd the princesse grace
And when for trial of her truth
the tyme and setted place.

Was

Was knowen to all, Duke Polinesse
Still caught I thinke with feare
Least that this treason done by vs
mought any wayes appeare:
And doughting still my secret mynde
he sought the only way
By former pleasant fained words,
to worke my last decaye.
And feeding then my hungry dayne,
with Duches princely fate:
Ye mindes to put in practise now,
his long pretensed hate.
And sending me with Russians two,
vnto a desert woode:
(In steede of present mariage,)
he seekes to shead my bloud.
But see, betwirt their dredful blades
whylst kneleyng I dyd pray,
And whilst for ende of my last words
the tormenters did staye:
This Knight, my guide, aryued vpon,
the place where I should dye:
who saued my lyfe and fost my foes,
to leaue theyr armes, and flye,
Thus haue you hard oh king (qd she)
the troth of treason strong,
By gained death, his like desert,
and your sustayned wrong.
The summe of all this cruel crime,
disclos'd thus to eche eare:
Reuiues theyr dying cares that earst
were caught with dredfull feare.

But Polineſſe that beares the effect
of all this cruell deede
Diſcloſed thus, a heape of griefes
which in his head do breede.
Yet as he had a countnance carft
to worke his owne decaye:
So he denies all that which now
Dalinda did bewray:
And proferſt therupon to trie,
his truth againſt his foe
In combat fight, and gauntlet he,
vnto the ground doth throw
As chalenger, which Raynold ſpies,
and doth receiue his gage,
In mynde without a lenger ſtay
the battell for to wage.
And once trayde in every point,
fit for a mortall fight:
They mount on Steeds, and with the ſpeares
eene ſeekes his foe to ſpight.
Duke Polineſſe diſcharged hath,
his ſpeare that clymes the ſkies:
But through both breaſt and backe the ſpeare
of ſtout Raynaldo lies.
Which when the Duke perceiues, and feeles,
the panges of preſent death:
And knewes his life doth fade away
through want of gaſping breath:
He yeldes himſelfe as recreant,
and dying doth confeſſe,
In circumſtance, the treaſon which
Dalinda did expreſſe.

And

And how inforst through ielous minde
which he did then suspect,
Twixt princesse and Ariodant,
he was therto direct.
Then how his last deuise he vsde
to moue Ariodant:
That only his desired lone
the Prince in hart did plant.
Which only sight I know (qd he)
was cause of straungers death
And with that word his sinful soule
resingde his wicked breath.
Whose carcase was no sooner dead,
and life had lost his force:
But in the mydst of flashing flames,
his wounded senceles corse
Entombed was, with ioyful shouts,
that God did saue the right,
And with deserued punishment,
he did the giltie quight.
But she, whose fired mynde to die,
did loth a lenger lyfe:
Augmenteth rather wonted woes
then wants hir former strife.
Wherfore she is in mynde oftymes
to taste the force of fyre,
For rather that, then lothsome lyfe,
she gladly gan requyre.
The king whose aged head did earst
tast never such great ioye
To see the princesse giltles tryde,
doth wonted cares distroy.

Who

Who first calles for Ariodant
that fought for Princes grace:
Of whom he frēdly craues the sight
of his desired face.
Wherfore his head pēce layde aside,
his visage is bewrayde:
And then to pensiue Princes thus,
he knælyng briefly sayd,
How nere oh thrise renowned prince
had falshod brought to ende
Thy worthy race, whose spotles lyfe
with saynts may wel contende?
How nere had treasons force preuailde
how neare had vile deceit
Entraid thy noble giltles hart,
with hidden falshods baytes?
But oh how neare had my mistrust,
ben cause of thy decaye:
whose wretched dead to sugred talke
so greatly did obeye
wherfore not only Polinesse,
ne this Dalind deserue,
A shamefull death, but myser I,
whose faithles hart did swerue
So farre from duties lore, as gaines
an euerlasting paine:
And as he would haue ferder sayd,
(through gricfe) his lippes refrayn
From farder talke, and senees fayle,
and he doth fall to ground:
And ther he lies, bereud of breath,
and chokt with fainting sounde.

But

But when Ienepora had behode
long tyme with perſing eye:
The face of her Ariodant:
and plainly eke gan ſpye.
by countnance, loke, by ſhape, & ſpeach
the ſame her frend to be:
Whō greedy ſtream had forſt the feard
to die in miſery.
Oh iudges that can, what fanſies thē
did rule within her mynd:
What paſſing ioy, what happy bliſſe
her craſed brayne did finde.
For neither head, ne tongue, ne hand
can think, can tell, or wryte:
The leaſt or ſmaleſt pertell of
her late conceyded delight.
Not ſhe her ſelfe, can eaſe the toyle
of loyfull panting hart:
whoſe ſtriuing force extreme delight
to traunce doth ſtraight conuert.
And there as in a quiet ſleape,
a whyle ſhe doth remayne:
But once reuyded, her dryry lippes,
ſhe thus to ſpeake did ſtrayne.
And doth the guyder of my life,
the only proppe and ſtay:
Of this my wery limmes, yet lyue:
oh happy thryſe I ſay.
Oh bleſſed fates, and doſt thou liue:
and do theſe eyes behould:
Thy wiſhed ſhape, whoſe comly limbs
theſe armes ſo oft haue ſould.

And liues in déed Ariodant,
Jeneuoras delight:
And was it he that for his frend,
so manfully dio fight:
Oh soppe of ioye more pleasant farre
then wealth of worldly blisse:
Oh souereigne salue, nought cures so well
the eraled hart as this.
Oh welcome thou more deare to me,
then goods, then frendes, then life:
A gest more gladder to my hart
then cares earst caused strife.
Thy health doth force me wish ỳ life
which fame of thy decay
Antisco late through beauy lot,
to scrine in clodded of clay.
Amidst this tale a thousand tymes,
they frendly do imbrace:
And with their siluer trickling drops
eche bathe others face.
She layes her happy head vpon
her ioyfull louers brest:
And he agayne his body bendes,
to yelo his Lady rest.
Thus now in words, & now in déedes
and now by signes of loue:
Ech shows, ỳ ioyned faithfull hartes
doth such affections moue.
The sight whereof brings youth again
vnto the aged King:
Whose trembling hart, for very ioye
in blissfull breast doth spring.

But when this great felicitie,
had banquisht euery care:
And when amidst this world of ioye,
eche on receiude his share.
The by cõmaũdemẽt trompets sounde,
and oyes loude is cride,
Wherfore the rought giue audience,
and then the king thus sayd:
How farre we are indetted to
the heauenly powers deuine:
My lords & frends, you haue wel sẽn
this day before your eyne.
As both by fatall chaunce, how this
vyle treason was bewrayd:
As how by knightly prowesse, which
Ariodant assayde.
Against his natiue brother, he
hath saude Ieneuora:
Frõ fyry flames, & brought vs health
that lokt for last decay.
And last, how falshod payed is
with death for gaind desert:
A myrror good, for such as liue,
infect with traytors hart.
Wherfore as bounden dutie bidders,
first let vs yelde the prayse:
To him, that quites the innocent,
and payes the false alwayes.
And we (as reasons lore ooth charge)
will seeke for to requite:
Forthwith receiued benefittes,
with all our power and might.

For as to thou Ariodant,
for this thy noble hart:
Thy curtesie, and loyall loue,
we yelde thee this as part.
Of recompence, take thou to wife
the Prince Ieneuora,
and we, for maintnance of your state
will some prouyde a stay.
Be thou to her a faithfull feare,
and she a louing wyfe:
Beare dutie to thy Lord and King,
whilst thou hast breath and life.
And sith by thee yr knight vnknown,
this treason came to light:
We will as best shal please thy hart
thy frendship well requite.
Lurcanio eke, sith brothers death
prouokt thee to this ire:
Shalt freely liue, and vse our grace,
as thou shalt best desire.
For pardon of Ieneuora,
small sute I thi'k will serue:
Whose gentil mynd from pities lore
as yet did neuer swarue.
But as to thee Dalinda, sith
thou soughtst by treason vyle:
To seeke thy mistres death, we will
that thou into exile.
For euer shalt be put, and eke
to runne a banisht race,
Till better hope of truer hart,
shall winne thee fauours grace.

Thus

This sentence sayde, the tossed caps
doo cutte the cloudie skie:
and eueri mouth, with strained voice
God saue the King doo trie.
The louers two, on groūd prostrate
a thousand thankes impart.
Unto theyr Liege and Soueraigne,
with most contented hart.
But to recount what passions past,
betwirt the brothers twayne,
would make an other history,
and woorke my treble payne.
wherfore let this suffise, my Lordes,
not one but lyues in ioye,
Not one there is amidst the prease,
that cares doo now annoy.
Amidst which myrth, to court again
the King and all returne:
And as they ryde, in signe of ioye,
eche doth the streates adorne:
with tynsell bright, with arras riche
and glistring cloth of goulde:
And ladies pearch on wyndowes hie
the louers to behould.
who passe the streates with happy
and so ariue on court, (harts,
wher euery one sœkes to augment,
his late receiued sport.
And wher, vpon a solome daye,
appointed by the king,
The Princesse and Ariodant,
with sacred woords and Ring:

Receiu'

Ariodanto and Ieneura.
Receyue the ryght of mariage,
as gladde to them as lyfe:
who long in blisse did spēd their daies
and died deuoyde of stryfe.

FINIS.